

THE GOLDEN AGE

The Golden Age:

OR A

VISION

OF THE

FUTURE HAPPINESS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN

IN THE

Illustrious House of Hanover,

To the World's End.

The First GOLDEN AGE.

THE GOLDEN AGE was first when Man was true,
 No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew,
 And with a Native Bent did Good pursue.
 Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,
 His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere :
 Needless was written Law, where none oppress'd,
 The Law of Man was written in his Breast.
 No Suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,
 No Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard,
 But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.
 The Mountain's Trees by distant Prospect please,
 E'er yet the Pine descended to the Seas ;
 E're Sails were spread new Oceans to explore,
 And Happy Mortals unconcern'd for more
 Confin'd their Wishes to their Native Shore.
 No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Moat, nor Mound,
 Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound,
 Nor Swords were forg'd, but void of Care and Crime,
 The soft Creation slept away their Time ;
 For 'twas the GOLDEN AGE, and ev'ry Thing was kind.
 The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plow,
 And unprovok'd did fruitful Stores allow ;
 Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,
 On Wildings and on Straw-berries they fed.
 Kernels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.
 The Flowers unsown in Fields and Meadows reign'd,
 And Western Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
 Ith' GOLDEN AGE no Client's seen to wait
 The Leisure of a long-tail'd Advocate.
 For now the *Talion-Law* was in Request,
 And Chancery-Courts were kept in ev'ry Breast.
 Abused Statutes had no doubtful Tenters,
 And Men cou'd deal secure without Indentures ;
 There was no peeping Hole, or Spy to clear
 The *Wittol's* Eye from his incarnate Fear.
 The rosy Cheek did then to all proclaim
 A Shame of Guilt, but not a Guilt of Shame.
 There was no whining Lover now to start,
 At *Cupid's* Twang, or curse his flaming Dart :
 For tho' Love sported in the Hearts of Men,
 Yet Reason rul'd, there was no Passion then ;
 Until the IRON AGE with Lust did enter,
 Love the Circumference was, and Love the Center.
 'Till then no * BUNGEY could to Discord move, * Dr. Sacheverell.
 The Priests were pious, and did loyal prove,
 The simple World was all compos'd of Love !

*This was the GOLDEN AGE, as Poets write,
 But by King GEORGE reviv'd is now so bright,
 That in his Reign we have the real Sight.*

The Golden Age: 14,047
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Exemplified in the
Glorious LIFE and REIGN

Of his present Majesty

King George, *Denton*

And his Numerous ISSUE:

O R A

V I S I O N

O F T H E

ture Happiness of *Great Britain*, under truly
Protestant Kings and Queens to the World's End.

To which is prefix'd

HANOVERIAN MARTYROLOGY, or a distinct Essay
upon the Lives, Sufferings, and Characters of all
those Illustrious Patriots, that have distinguish'd them-
selves by their Eminent Zeal and Loyalty for the
Hanover Succession.

P A R T I.

a necessary Introduction to that Glorious Vision of the GOLDEN
AGE, which the World may expect in PART II.

whole Humbly inscrib'd to his most Excellent Majesty by Mr. JOHN
DENTON, Author of *NECK OR NOTHING*, and will be conti-
nued Monthly to remind us of our miraculous Deliverance from the
tyranny, Popery, and Slavery.

Regis ad Exemplum totus componitur Orbis. CLAUD.

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The Golden Age

Published in the

Year 1844 and 1845

of the Year 1844

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TO THE
K I N G.

Most GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

SINCE 'tis the Ambition of every Loyal Subject to express the Part he takes in his Country's Joy for *Your Majesty's safe Arrival to your Kingdom*, permit me, ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE, to lay my hearty Congratulations at your *Royal Feet*, and in my humble Station to profess my self your Majesties *most Loyal, Dutiful and Affectionate Subject*, a Title I glory in as much as others can in the *most elevated Fortunes and Honours*.

Tho'

The DEDICATION

Tho' Crowds of NOBLE BRITISH PATRIOTS furround your Throne, and every where proclaim their Sovereign's *Vertues*, and Country's *Happiness*, yet let it not be esteem'd a Presumption in a *meaner Subject* to celebrate his Prince's Glory, and contribute his *Mite* towards giving his Fellow-Protestants a *Glimpse* of their present and coming *Blessings* under the Auspicious Reign of King GEORGE. I am sensible all I can say on this *Glorious Subject* will fall vastly short of the BRIGHT ORIGINAL, but as the *Idea* of it has afforded me *inexpressible Pleasures*, I could not forbear imparting the *blissful Prospect*, and am perswaded your Majesties Protestant Subjects (*of every Denomination*) as they all ardently wish'd the SUCCESSION OF YOUR ROYAL

To the KING.

ROYAL HOUSE, will receive kindly what is so sincerely intended for its *Honour*.

I am *Proud* to say, that as no Man in *Britain* more firmly adher'd to, more truly prized, or hazarded his LIBERTY, LIFE and FORTUNE, more willingly in *Defence of the Protestant Succession*, so none does now more heartily rejoyce in your Majesty's Happy *Accession and safe Arrival to Britain*.

Here may you *LONG, LONG* combine the *Glory of our Isle*, and *Dar- ing of your People*, blest with Health, Prosperity, and every Thing that can make your *Majesty's Life and Reign truly happy*, and may all your subjects contribute whatever is in their Power towards these. This is both *their Duty and Interest*, since their *Happiness* is so link'd with their

The DEDICATION

their Sovereign's, that they cannot be Friends to *Themselves*, *Posterity*, *Religion*, or *Country*, that are not Faithful Subjects to your Majesty.

'Tis the Design of this SMALL ESSAY to remind my Fellow-Subjects of their *Duty to God*, and *their King*, viz. The Great Duty of THANKFULNESS to God, and LOYALTY to their Sovereign, and by setting before them *the Example of your Majesty*, win them over to the Practice, and Love of Vertue: This I shall continue to publish MONTHLY, 'till I find the Noble Task undertaken by some *Greater Genius*; for as 'tis a Principle with me to promote my *Prince's Honour and Country's Good* to the utmost of my Power, I shall take every Opportunity of discharging these Duties to my Lives End.

To the KING.

I see *Reviving* under your Majesty's wise and just Government the *Glory of Britain*, and what we may truly stile, *The GOLDEN AGE, An Age of Vertue, Love, Unity, Peace and Loyalty* : Such an Age wou'd be a *kind of Foretaste of Heaven*, and wou'd render your Majesty Happy Prince of a Happy People; may then all *Rancour, Malice, Uncharitableness*, and every Thing that can make your Majesty's Crown uneasy, be for ever banish'd our Islands; may there be no Contention amongst us, except who shall be *the best Subjects, and in Reality the best Christians*; may we live like a People govern'd by *the best Laws, and best Prince*, in whose *ROYAL VEINS* flows the *Bloud of all our British Monarchs, our Plantagenets, Tudors, and* parts, as *all their Separate Vertues* are

The DEDICATION.

are united in your sacred Person, and justly render your Majesty the Favourite of Heaven, and Delight of Mankind.

That your Majesty may ever continue so, and all Your ROYAL POSTERITY possess Your Virtues and Blessings, and that there may never want a Prince of your August Lineage to sway the British Sceptre 'till Time shall be swallowed up in Eternity, is the Ardent Wish and fervent Prayer of him who is with the Profoundest Respect and Duty,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Sacred Majesty's

Most Loyal Subject,

AND

Most Dutiful, Humble

SERVANT,

JOHN DUNTON

TO

Sir Rowland Gynn, *Bar.*

WITH A

Brief E S S A Y,

UPON HIS

Life, Sufferings, and Character.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

AMONGST those joyful British Protestants, that crowd to congratulate you on the Accession and Arrival of His sacred Majesty King GEORGE, our only Rightful and Lawful Sovereign, allow me his Faithful Subject and your Devoted servant to attend you with mine in this publick Manner.

The Character of

I could not be so thankful to Heaven as I ought for so great a Blessing as the Protestant Succession must be acknowledged to a Protestant Nation, if I did not celebrate the Praises of every PATRIOT that has been assisting in procuring, or securing this Happiness to us, particularly to you Sir, who have been so confessedly Instrumental in both, and so great a Sufferer for being so.

Sir, such has been your Happy Genius and Conduct in your Studies, that your great Progress in the nobler Parts of Philosophy has not retarded your deep Inquiries in the Knowledge of Civil Government, nor your Universal Learning render'd you more unfit for an Active Life, and doing Good to Mankind.

Your Speeches in Parliament were never known to falter with the secret Glosses, Double, or Reserv'd Sences, and when your Name is traduc'd (as has been the Fate to the best Favourites) your Innocency bears you out with Courage, so that come what will, you either triumph in your Integrity or suffer with it.

Sir ROWLAND GYNN, Bar^r.

Your LOYALTY and HONOUR
has cost you much, and you do both keep,
value, and employ it for the Good of your
Prince and Country.

May you, Worthy Sir, be as easy under
any NEW HONOURS (as none can
exceed your Merit) as you are to all the
World in your Temper. And as your No-
ble Mind has secur'd you from mean and
narrow Prejudices; may your Integrity pro-
tect you from unjust Malice; may your
Endeavours for settling the PEACE and
HAPPINESS of your Country, be as
successfull; as your Love to it is sincere.

Our Glorious Deliverer King WILLIAM
of Immortal and Blessed Memory gave
your Country a full Confirmation of your
Fidelity and Love to it, by consulting you
first of all his British Subjects, upon the im-
portant Article of a Protestant Successor,
and your Friends remember with Pleasure
to themselves, and Honour to you, how
perfectly your Judgment upon that Point
agreed with his Majesties then undiscover'd
Choice; can any British Protestant reflect
on this, and your unwearied Diligence and
Zeal

Zeal to carry the Succession-Bill not only by your Great Interest through the House of Commons, *but be your self the GLORIOUS MEMBER that brought it into that August Assembly, and not think his best Acknowledgments your just Due, sure tis impossible for any to deny you this, unless such Unhappy Wretches, as hate the Protestant Religion, as well as Protestant Succession.*

I know, Sir, how great a Sufferer you have been both in your Fortune and Reputation with some Men only for doing your Country the most signal Service; the first we hope to see now Nobly recompenced; as for the other, that is establisht with all King George's Faithful Subjects beyond the Power of Popish Slanderers to injure.

When I reflect on you Sir, and all our Patriots Sufferings, I only for endeavouring to make their Country Happy in A RACE of PROTESTANT PRINCES as Glorious for their Royal Vertues, as their Illustrious Bloud, their Princely Dignities, and ample Fortunes, I know not how to mention my Poor Services and Sufferings for their

Sir ROWLAND GYNN, Bar^r.

their August House, but on the contrary am forced to turn my Complaints against theirs and our Enemies into THANKS for the Opportunities their Malice gave us of manifesting our Love to our Religion, and Country, and BLESSINGS to that good Providence, which made us Instrumental to its Wealth and Happiness.

You, worthy Sir, who had the Glory to be so signally serviceable to your Country, being the first Person that Illustrious Prince (whose Blessed Legacy the Protestant Succession was) consulted in the Choice, as well as employ'd to get it, the Parliamentary sanction, and have since had the Honour to be so long and intimately acquainted with the Royal Vertues of that Illustrious Monarch, who is the Subject of this SMALL ESSAY, have so just a Title to this public Acknowledgment of your Service to your Country, that I could not think it grateful to me to omit the just Tribute of Praise due to you, as the Happy Instrument of continuing to us the Blessings of Religion and Liberty, and Reviving The GOLDEN AGE.

The Character of

I have a Thousand charming Ideas of Peace, Religion, Wealth, Trade, Glory and Happiness in View, under the Auspicious Reign and Influence of our AUGUST MONARCH and HIS ROYAL OFFSPRING, which I shall endeavour to represent to my Fellow-Subjects in the best Manner I can; and by setting before them the Example of their Sovereign's Vertues, and their Happiness under his Government, endeavour to endear both their King and Vertue to them,

As I shall publish something on this Subject MONTHLY, I shall in each celebration some British Patriot, that has distinguished himself in Defence of the Protestant Succession, and continue so to do, 'till I have gone thro' all our present and coming Fellow-cities under the Influence of our Gracious Sovereign, and his Protestant Successors, as well as Characters of all our Eminent Patriots in Church and State, I chuse to do this in short distinct Essays, both to preserve the Readers Patience, and have an Opportunity of reminding my Fellow-Subjects oftener of their Happiness and Duty to the

Sir ROWLAND GYNN, Bar^r. X

of God and King, *as well as the Thanks they*
and owe to such Noble Patriots, *as like you,*
ious Sir, *have laid on them never to be forgot-*
ST en Obligations, *by securing to them the*
AL Blessings of Religion and Liberty *under their*
vow only humane Security, *a Race of truly Ver-*
e be uous, and truly Protestant Princes.

them Sir, *by this short Essay upon your Life,*
and sufferings, and Character, *'tis most appa-*
en ent you have a fine and just Taste of what
Ver is Great and Honourable, *a Turn of Soul,*
and Depth of Judgment, *which distinguish-*
Sub is You from the VULGAR, *in every*
ebrate ing you speak, and act, and consequently
uish you may justly challenge a Glorious Character
Suc rom the very Mouth of Envy.

have Sir, *I would inlarge in Your Illustrious*
Fel character, *but that your FAME (by the*
acion any Services You have done the Crown)
rs, as made it needless.

nt P Go on, WORTHY SIR, *and prosper*
to all Your Noble Undertakings, *'till full*
eser of Age and Honour, *You receive Immortal*
Oppo ewards for Your IMMORTAL SER-
ts ICES to Your Country, *and when You*
o the ave this World for a better, *may Your*
Go C Name

The Character, &c.

*Name and Memory be as Dear to, and
Respected by all British Protestants, as they
are now by,*

HONOURD SIR,

Your most Faithful,

Most Humble,

AND

Devoted Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

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The Golden Age :

Exemplified in the

Glorious LIFE and REIGN

Of his present Majesty

King George,

And his Numerous ISSUE :

Most ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

REGIS *ad Exemplum*, &c. has ever been a Maxim with the Subjects of *Great Britain*, and by the late Revival of the **GOLDEN AGE**, in your Majesties Realms, we see it verified by your Royal Example.

T I shall therefore attempt (by way of *Vi-*
ſion) to represent the Future Happiness of

The GOLDEN AGE.

Great Britain under truly Protestant Kings and Queens to the World's End, but more especially in the sacred Person of your Majesty, and your Illustrious House; but before I publish these *DELIGHTFUL VISIONS* (as A GOLDEN AGE can be only reviv'd by a Royal Example) I shall first attempt the *spotless Character* of King *George*, as a necessary Introduction to my *Monthly Visions* of *England's* present and future Happiness.

I own my great Inability to do Justice to your Majesties Illustrious Character. For as the GOLDEN AGE is reviv'd by your Glorious Life and Reign, and will be continued by your Royal Family to the End of Time; to describe these Blessed Reigns by A Monthly Vision is a Subject for an Angel, not a Man.

I.
To purchase Kingdoms, and to buy Renown,
Are Arts peculiar to dissembling *France*,
You, Mighty Monarch, Nobler Actions crown,
And solid Vertue does your Name advance.

II.

Your matchless Courage with your Prudence joins
The *Glorious Structure* of your Fame to raise,
With its own Light your Daz'ling Glory shines,
And into Adoration turns our Praise.

III.

Had you by *dull Succession* gain'd your Crown
(Cowards are Monarchs by that Title made)
Part of your Merit *Chance* would call her own,
And half your Vertues had been lost in Shade.

IV.

But now your Worth its just Reward shall have,
What Trophies, and what Triumphs are your due,
Who could so well a *Dying Nation* save,
At once deserve a Crown, and gain it too.

V.

Your *Golden Age* does all our Foes disarm,
You need but now give Orders and command,
Your *Name* shall the remaining Work perform,
And spare the Labour of your conquering Hand.

VI.

Chance does in vain her feeble Arts apply,
To interrupt the Fortune of your Course;
Your *Influence* does the vain Attacks defy
Of secret Malice, or of open Force.

VII.

The GOLDEN AGE.

VII.

Boldly we hence the brave Commencement date
Of Glorious Deeds, that must all Tongues employ
George is the Pledge, and Earnest given by Fate,
Of *England's* Glory, and her lasting Joy.

It is not long since, most Illustrious Prince
but yet 'twas long Sir, that for Want of your
Royal Presence your People were so miser-
ably divided and confounded by a *Fall*
Brother, * and his Popish Abettors, that
thereby so violent a Sea of Confusion and
Disorder was broke in upon them, that their
Lives, Liberties, Estates, and that which
most dear to all Good Men, *their very Reli-*
gion (the best Reform'd throughout the
World) were ready to have been swallowed
up.

But no sooner did your Majesty appear
amongst us, but those Furious Waters did
abate, and that *black Cloud* of Misery and
Calamity, from thence exhaled and ready
fall upon them, was dispers'd, and gone

* Dr. Sacheverell.

The GOLDEN AGE.

and they put in the full and lasting Possession
of a real *Golden Age*.

We have all seen these *Magnalia Dei*,
plainly discover'd, and have observ'd the
Wheel of Divine Providence in a seeming
Contrariety, yet the Motion at last to be true
and regular ; for to the Everlasting Praise of
our Good God, we have now not only a
rightful and Protestant King to protect and
govern us, but a Prince, who is such a Bless-
ing to his People, that the *Golden Age* is
reviv'd in his *Royal Person*, as well as by
his *Royal Example* : For by having your
Majesty to reign over us, we are now blest
with a King not of a *Mushroom-Descent*,
but the Son of Nobles of a most Royal
stem, not intitled to his Kingdoms by *Trea-*
son, *Perjury* and *Imposture* (which is all
the *HEREDITARY TITLE* the Popish
Pretender at *Bar-le-duc* ever had, or can
have to the *British Crown*) but by an *Antient*,
Parliamentary, and *Undoubted Right*. A
King, of whom it may be truly said, " That
had all that Clemency, Goodness, and Sweet-
ness of Temper, proper to a Prince, and
advantageous to a People been totally lost,
" they

The GOLDEN AGE.

“ they are all re-united and concentred in his
“ Royal Person.

Vertue and Honour shin'd forth in the
early Dawn of your sacred Life, (even in
your Childhood) and in your youthful Days
such was your *Constancy*, *such your Temperance*,
and Modesty, that no Example of
others, no Allurements of Vice, no Con-
tagion of *neighbouring Courts* could force
your Majesty to go astray from the right
Path, or to recede from that *Protestant Faith*
in which you was educated.

And therefore 'tis (most Glorious and Ver-
tuous Prince) that new Songs are daily made in
Praise of thy Illustrious Actions, but more
especially of *thy Prophetick and Excellen*
Memorial against a Separate Peace with
France, which will be remember'd to thy
Honour, (and that of *Thy Faithful Mi*
nister, * who presented it to Queen Anne
as long as there is a *Loyal Subject*, or *True*
Protestant in Great Britain. O R A C L E
are not ceas'd, which predict the Blessing
thou givest the World, *The Age of M*

* Baron Bothmar.

The GOLDEN AGE.

acles is return'd, of true ones too ! No Cheats or Impostures offer'd, all Natural and Genuine ! Wondrous Things hast thou perform'd, but Greater yet remain behind for thy Hand and thy Head to compleat ; great is the Care of Heaven over thy Life, destin'd to uncommon Acts ! The Revival of the *Golden Age* was the least Thing we expected from the Glorious Life and Reign of such a truly Protestant and Vertuous Prince ! All the World resounds with what is past ; *Europe* is too narrow and confin'd : The whole Globe alone has but Space enough !

Scotland and *Ireland*, Great Sir, owe their Peace and Plenty to You ; Rebels, and lifting *Jacobites* are expell'd and gone ; nought resists your conquering Hand ; *Victory*, proud of your Presence, only wants to see You ; and *Fortune* her self, as blind as she is thought, can find the Head fit only for Laurels, can distinguish True from False Merit, and extend her Rewards ; The Tribute she brings and lays at Your *Royal Feet* is but Your Due, *as the sole Reviver and only Support* (under God) of the *Golden Age*.

The GOLDEN AGE

But what shall the *English* Nation return for Your Bounties and Royal Residence, for the Graces and Blessings that issue from Your Sacred Breast, for that Heaven upon Earth that is now seen in Your Royal Family and Privy Council. 'Tis now we see at the *British* Court Piety and Good Morals adorning the Lives of our Nobles, and all that are near to Your Royal Person, as the only Thing that can recommend 'em to your Majesties Favour.

Then none can doubt but the *Golden Age* is reviv'd at Court, when your Majesties Royal Example has not only brought Piety into Fashion amongst Dukes and Earls, but has made the *Royal Palace* an Emblem of Heaven. 'Tis now no *Proteus* or lewd Statesmen are intrusted in the Ministry, or Sicophants seen in the Royal Presence ; all at Court must conform to King *George's* Pious Example, or depart thence ; for Your Majesty (that You may reform Your greatest as well as Your meanest Subjects) is resolv'd to have, *tho' a Great, yet a very regular sober Court, all quiet by Ten of the Clock, no turning Night into Day, or Day into Night for the future at St. James's.*

The GOLDEN AGE.

I.

Sure there's some wondrous Joy in doing Good!
Immortal Joy! that suffers no Allay from Fears,
Nor dreads the Tyranny of Years;
By none but its Possessors to be understood;
Else where's the *Gain* in being Great,
Kings would indeed be Victims of the State;
What can the Poets humble Praise,
What can the Poets humble Bays,
(We Poets oft our Bays allow,
Transplanted to the *Hero's* Brow)
Add to the Victor's Happiness?
What do the *Scepter, Crown and Ball,*
Rattles for Infant Royalty to play withal,
But serve to adorn the Baby-Dress
Of one poor Coronation-Day,
To make the Pageant Gay:
A Three Hours Scene of Empty Pride,
And then the Toys are thrown aside.

II.

But the Delight of doing Good
Is fix'd like Fate among the Stars,
And Deify'd in Verse:
Tis the best Gem in Royalty;
The great Distinguisher of Bloud;
Parent of Valour, and of Fame;
Which makes a Godhead of a Name,
And is Co-temporary to Eternity;
This made the Antient *Romans* to afford
To *Valour* and to *Vertue* the same Word:

The GOLDEN AGE

To shew the Paths of both must be together trod,
Before the *Hero* can commence a *God*.

III.

For *Crowns* and *Scepters* scarce deserve a Name,
Vain Breath is all Imperial Fame ;

Vertue alone's the fairest Gem,

Vertue crowns the Diadem ;

That Vertue which in *George* has took her Seat ;

Immoderately bright, immoderately great :

'Tis from the pious Life of such a King,

The *Golden Age* must spring.

For can we think the pamper'd Priests of *Baal*

Should save Religion that have none at all :

No ! 'Tis from Heaven and Royal *George*, that all
(our Blessings fall

Then Monuments (most *Pious* and *Im-*
mortal Prince) shall be erected to thy Good-
ness, and spotless Life, and to perpetuate
thy Name and Vertues, more costly and
more durable, than ever yet were seen
Gold is too mean, too base, and too cheap
for thy Statue ('tis the *Vehicle* of the
GOLDEN AGE) and therefore not only
Gold, but even Pearl and Diamonds are
too common and contemptible to be employ'd
therein. *New Mettals*, and more refin'd
more beautiful, and more lasting, will meet
a Discovery for thy Sake alone. All *England*

The GOLDEN AGE.

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all contribute to the Work, and express
their Gratitude by their Generosity.

The SENATE is impatient to let You
to their Bosom, thence to their Purfes
open'd wide for your Service ; New Ho-
ours are decreed You, greater than *Rome*
could ever give, or *Cesar* receive. All
hearts are open, all Bags untied, all Trea-
sures expanded to express their *Joy and Du-*
ty ; More shall be given than demanded ;
supplies readily voted and early levied, all
swiftly dispatch'd to render your Reign easie
and glorious ; For that it may be a *Golden*
Age for our King as well as his Subjects,
Things shall concur to Your very Wish-
es, and Your Majesty shall have fresh Ex-
perience of our *Loyalty*, and of our *Gra-*
titude. Then let us go and talk of Wills,
and not of Births and Grandure, and yet
not so, for what can we bequeath save our
mortal Bodies to the Ground ; our *Lands* and
Lives (if we are Loyal) are the Kings, and
nothing can we call our own but *Death*,
and that small Model of the barren Earth,
which serves as Paste and Cover to our
bones. For my own Share, 'twas ever my
constant Wish and Prayer, that I might live
to

The GOLDEN AGE.

to see King George seated on the English
Throne, and the Protestant Succession
cur'd in Your Majesties Illustrious House
for then I knew I could dye with Comfort
and in a firm Belief, that the Protestant Re-
ligion would flourish to the World's End, at
this I ever thought, and found to be **WHICH**
LOYALTY, which cannot be better expressed
than in these Lines of the Loyal *Mou-
teux*.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty

to bear
Prince form'd by Heaven the Weight of Crown
Inur'd to Greatness, ripe for Royal Care ;
Who ruling all, by *Wisdom* rul'd alone,
Canst fill and Grace with Majesty the Throne
For Peace and War, for Counsel and for Fight
The Prop of Empires, and the World's Delight
Blest be thy Reign, rever'd thy God-like Sway
With Heaven command, where Free-born
Souls obey
There like thy self, our Sun, impartial shine,
Thou Nature's Fav'rite, thy whole People thin
As blending Streams concur to meet the Sea,
Divided Realms join reconcil'd in thee ;

Then

THE GOLDEN AGE.

13

their Tears of Joy vie with the Grief it cost,
Land that knows, what losing thee she lost,
retrieving *Brittain* *George* ev'n *Europe* saves,
and *Kings* unborn half-fated to be *Slaves*.

Now *Albion's* great and haughty Pow'rs are
(aw'd

all but *Rome* and *Tyranny* applaud :

Health flow ! Laws, Freedom, Vertue with
(thee reign,

with own her Patron, and his Lord the Main.

our *Champion-Saint* a Royal Victim freed,

the Greater *George* to free the World's decreed.

Peter Motteux.

The *Golden Age* (as well as the *WHIGS*
FIDELITY to Your Majesties Person and
Government) is here display'd in that *True*
Character the Ingenious *Motteux* has gi-
of Your Majesties pious, royal, and
matchless Perfections ; so that to use *Bishop*
Burnet's Words (in that Excellent Sermon
recently preach'd before your Majesty) " We
see now the Throne Gloriously fill'd, and
to speak in *David's* Figures, We see a
fruitful Vine near it, with many Olive-
branches round about it, the surest Em-
blems

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“ blems of Peace and Safety ; so that there
 “ is not Room left for a WISH, but that
 “ God would continue these to us, and teach
 “ us to make that use of them, for which
 “ they are given us. And to serve God
 “ (as the Pious Bishop further observes) is to
 “ consider the Station in which one is put
 “ the Talents and Capacities of doing Good
 “ that are given him, and the applying him
 “ self (which Your Majesty has always done
 “ with a constant Attention, and a lively
 “ Zeal to become as like God as he can
 “ to be a common Blessing to Mankind
 “ and to set a bright Example to all about
 “ him ; this (continues this worthy Prelate
 “ in Persons *of an exalted State*, will
 “ both much observ’d, and imitated, it will
 “ cast its Lustre far, and produce good Effects,
 “ which have appear’d in Nothing more
 “ remarkable than in the *Glorious Revolution*
 “ by King WILLIAM, which “ gave
 “ Rise to that Blessed Establishment we now
 “ rejoyce in, for (as Bishop *Burnet* further
 “ observes) it was never quite completed
 “ ’till now, which it is in so *Glorious*
 “ Manner, that we now see the *Golden Age*
 “ exemplified in Your Majesties Royal Person

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and Family, according to that primitive way of *serving God*, which the Bishop of *Salisbury* has prescrib'd to Your Majesty, and to all other Persons in an *exalted State*, and Happy those (as the Good Bishop observes) whom God has set next himself, when they pursue the Ends of their Exaltation, which Your Majesty has done throughout the whole Course of Your Glorious Life and Reign.

Having already shewn how the *Golden Age* is exemplified in Your Majesties Royal Birth, spotless Character, and peaceable Accession to the *British Throne*; I shall next take a View of the *Golden Age* in their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, as 'tis by them and their Numerous Issue the *Protestant Succession* is like to be perpetuated to the World's End.

In the exemplifying the *Golden Age* in the glorious Life and Actions of the Prince of Wales, I shall not need to ask Pardon, if I pass his *Infancy*, as affording Nothing but meer Shadows of that *Great Spirit*, which presided his ensuing Vertues, as I shall prove by several Instances, but more especially with respect to that *Invincible Courage* with which

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which he entered the School of *Mars*, but before I celebrate his early Piety and matchless Conduct in the Field of Battle, 'twill be necessary, that I first lay at Your Majesties Feet the Character of Your Royal Son, as the Rightful Heir to the Kingdom of Great *Britain*, and the true Inheritor of Your Noble Vertues, and may Your Majesty for many Years be a living Mirrour to *GEORGE* the SECOND of Piety, Wisdom, and Justice and all other Royal Endowments fit for so great a Dignity to which he is born, and which he so justly merits, that the Prince of *Wales* has a Title to the *British* Crown (as was said of your Majesty) even in Nature and superiour Merit before he wears it; and therefore 'tis, that the Eyes of all Men are now upon this Illustrious Prince in full View of those lovely Charms of Nature and Grace by which he adorns that *Golden Age*, which your Majesty has reviv'd by your *SPORTIVE* CHARACTER, and will be continued by his Royal Highness, *George* Prince of *Wales*, and the rest of the Royal Family, the Princesses and their Issue, to the *World's* End.

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For here I shall first observe, that 'tis acknowledged by all Your Majesties *VV*high-Subjects (and as to the *Rioting Churchmen*, that hiss and swear at Our Happiness, as they have lost their *Sting*, they a'nt worth any Notice) That the Prince of Wales is the finest-shap'd Man, the best Mein, the best Air, the best bred, the most chearful, brightly, obliging, good-humour'd Person in the *VV*orld : All both Men and Ladies allow him to be Master of a great deal of *VV*it and a Beautiful Prince. So that his Royal Excellences are well boused ; his fair Soul is Tenant to a lovely and well-proportion'd Bcdy ; his Stature of a just proportion ; his Body erect and active, of delicate Constitution, yet so strong with- as if Nature had design'd him to be the Strife of Mars and Venus ; his Countenance Amiable and Beautiful, wherein the White Rose of York, and the Red Rose of Lancaster are united, Paterculus saith of Cæsar, His Countenance proclaim'd him King : So Majestick is the Countenance, and so winning the Carriage of his Royal Highness, that his very Enemies (if he has any) will become his Converts. His Hair in-

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clines to a Brown ; but his Care and Concern for the Publick will soon change it into a White ; at once the Emblem of his Innocence, and his Fortune. His Eyes are clear and shining, his Brow proclaims Fidelity ; and his whole Frame, of Face and Favour, is a most perfect Mixture of Majesty and Sweetness : So that Heaven has taken Care to form Prince George for an Hero ; he has all the Advantages of Mind and Body, and an Illustrious Birth conspiring to render him an Extraordinary Person. So goodly a Fabrick was never fram'd by an Almighty Architect, for a vulgar Guest : He shew'd the Value which he set upon his Mind, when he took Care to have it so Nobly and so Beautifully lodg'd. As to a graceful Fashion, and Deportment of Body, there is join'd a pleasant Conversation, and an Easie Greatness : All which he possesses in the Height of their Perfection. So that there is Nothing can be expected or wish'd for in a *Golden Age*, but we find it either in the Person or Actions of Prince of Wales.

As to his Royal Consort, the Princess of Wales, every Body allows her to be a very graceful

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graceful, fine Woman, and exceedingly good, as well as good-humour'd; and the little Princesses are all own'd to be *Perfect Beauties*.

But to return to his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, in whose Glorious Life and Actions we have now a blessed View of the *Golden Age*, as 'tis hop'd our *Childrens Children* will in his *Royal Offspring* to the End of Time.

The Prince of *Wales* succeeds not only to the Honours of his Royal Ancestors, but also to their Vertues; the long Chain of *Magnanimity, Courage, Easiness of Access*, and *Desire of doing Good*, even to his very *Enemies*, is so far from being broken in his Royal Highness, that the precious *Mettal* yet runs pure to the newest Link of it, which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to the World's End; and his flourishing Youth, and that of his Excellent Princess are happy Omens of this Wish. Sir, in this Respect, Brave Men (like your Royal Son) never Dye; but are like the *Phœnix*, from whose perfum'd Ashes, one or other doth still spring up like them.

But

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But to name his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales* is to cast a Cloud upon former Ages, and to benight Posterity : Upon a Survey of his whole Life, I find not any Men, in all the Records of the Ancients, or the Writings of the more Modern Authors, over whom his Royal Highness hath not some Advantage ; nor any One's Life taken altogether, so Admirable as His (your Majesties only excepted) nor any Thing Admirable in any, that is not in him : In him *alone* are to be found all the vertuous Qualities of the best Princes in the World, without the Vices of any of 'em ; for he only hath made it appear, *That great Vertues may be without the Attendance of great Vices.* It was said of our *Henry V.* That he had something in him of *Cæsar*, which *Alexander the Great* had not, *That he wou'd not be Drunk ;* and something of *Alexander the Great*, which *Cæsar* had not, *That he wou'd not be Flatter'd :* But his *Royal Highness* has the Vertues of all, without the Vices of any : He as much exceeds all other Princes (his Royal Father still excepted) as other Princes do all other Men. He is the *Pattern and Standard of Honour*

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to the Nation, an Universal Gentleman,
and in a Word is whatever a good Prince
ought to be.

So that more can't be said in Praise of
the *Golden Age*, than we find exemplified
in his *Royal Highness the Prince of Wales*,
and therefore if *Alexander the Great* gave
strict Commands, that no Painter should dare
make his Picture, but *Apelles* ; how
ought I to blush for presuming to character-
ize *His Royal Highness* ? My best Apology
His Name has freed it self from the Dan-
ger of a Panegyrick ; so that I can tell No-
thing New in his Character to Mankind :
or, when I have but once named *George*
Augustus, our true and only Prince of *Wales*,
the World will anticipate all my Commenda-
tions, and go faster before me than I can fol-
low.

The Morning of his Life was clear and
alm ; and ever since, his whole Life has
been a continu'd Series of Heroick Actions ;
which he began so Early, that he was no
longer nam'd in the World, but it was with
Joy and Admiration. Even the first Bloss-
oms of his Youth paid us all that could
be expected from a ripening Manhood, or

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a GOLDEN AGE; while he practic'd but the Rudiments of War, he out-went all other Captains; and has found none to surpass, but himself alone. The opening of his Glory was like that of *Light*, He shone to us from far, and disclos'd his first Beams on distant Nations. When a grateful *Briton* reflects upon the Early and Glorious Proofs his Royal Highness gave of his *Magnanimity, Courage, Conduct, and Affection* to our Nation at the Battle of *Oudenarde* (as I prov'd in my *Secret History of Queen Robin*, humbly Inscrib'd to his Royal Highness) how can he think any Returns of *Honour, Love, and Duty*, too great for such a *Princely Hero*: 'Tis well known to your Majesty, and the whole *British* Nation, that his Royal Highness loves a Souldier, and never fails to advance such as dare attempt any Brave Action; he remembers many Years after 'tis done, and has the *Fighting Hero, as well as the Good Patriote*, always at Heart, 'till they are *Nobly Rewarded* for their Loyalty and faithful Service: A *Ready and Generous Gratitude* has ever been the inseparable Quality of every Branch of the *Illustrious House* of Hanover.

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Hanover, and is that which will fix, and continue its Glory to the World's End.

Having briefly traced his Royal Highness through his dawning Years, and follow'd him through Fire and Smoak, I will now start back from the roaring of Cannon to discover how far the *Golden Age* is exemplified in his CONJUGAL STATE, and here I shall speak of the Prince of *Wales* as a *Husband*, as a *Father*, and as a *Christian*.

As an Husband. He is a rare Example of Love and Chastity. His *Conjugal Vertues* have deserv'd to be set as an Example to the Primitive Age ; they approach so near to *Singularity* in ours, that I can scarce speak of his Love to the Princess, without a Satyr on many others. If any Difference is, 'tis who of the Two shall be most Obliging ; so that an even Thread of Endearment (or *Golden Age*) runs through all they Speak, or Act. And this *Great Tendernefs* is become so remarkable, that 'tis proverbially said, (where we see a Couple excessive Fond) that *They love like the Prince and Princess of Wales*. And indeed, they have set such a *matchless Pattern* of Conjugal Love, that to receive the Blessings

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sings and Prayers of Mankind, they need only to be seen together; we are ready to conclude, that they are a *Pair of Angels* sent below to make Vertue amiable in their Persons, or to sit to *Poets*, when they wou'd pleasantly instruct the Age by drawing *Goodness* in the most perfect and alluring Shape of Nature.

For when Nature had fitly fram'd the Royal Mind of this Illustrious Pair, she left not off here, but took Order the *fair Inhabitant* shou'd be lodg'd in a chaste Body! A *Structure* of such admirable Purity, and sincere Affection; that I must here apply what *Plato* has said of *Philosophers*, *That the Souls of vulgar Persons are lodg'd in their Bodies, but the Bodies of Philosophers in their Souls*: Their very Bodies being so *Chaste, Pure, and Refin'd*, never was a happier Match made by Fate, except in that Blessed Conjunction of his Royal Highness, with that other half of himself, his Royal Spouse, a Couple so well *pair'd by Heaven*, that if all the Beauty and Proportion of both Sexes should be lost, here it might be retriev'd, and such is the Harmony of their Souls, so strong the Tye of Conjugate Affection

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Affection, as it cou'd scarce be greater when the whole World had but Two in Family ; an Example of such admirable Influence, that it were able throughly to convert any Age, though more vile and debauch'd, than that we lately dwelt in, for our sincere Repentance of those *Relative Sins* that we have committed, and a fix'd Resolution of copying after the Conjugal Vertues of the *Prince* and *Princess* of Wales has already turn'd our IRON into a GOLDEN AGE of Matrimony, but more especially amongst the *Socrates's* and *Xantippe's* that live at Court. *

For 'tis evident to all Your Majesties Loyal Subjects, that ever since the Arrival of this *Royal Pair*, their Conjugal Pattern has wrought such a miraculous Reformation amongst the married Wretches of *Great Britain*, that the most disagreeably match'd amongst us do now actually doat upon one another. Then no Wonder 'tis so often said, Go see the *Prince* and *Princess*, if you'd bless your Eyes with the Sight of a

* *Xantippe*, the forward Wife of *Socrates*, who said he kept her to exercise his Patience.

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happy Couple, or learn how to love in Wedlock : For their matchless Affection has already had such a blessed Effect, as to retrieve the Golden Age amongst the most unhappy of Mankind (and I speak my own Experience here) for such I count all those who are unequally yok'd, or married to good Husbands or Wives, and don't know how to prize 'em.

However, as to the Prince and Princess of Wales, as they are equally match'd as to their Birth and Vertues, so their mutual Deportment is always becoming *the Dignity and Dearness of the Conjugal State* : The Princess is one of the kindest of Wives, and a Pattern of Fidelity to all her Sex ; and the Prince is such an Instance of Conjugal Love to *the whole Court*, (where once 'twas a *Fest* to admire a Wife) that he never strays from his Royal Spouse, in Thought, Word, or Deed, but (to the Shame of those *Men of Quality*, that keep Strumpets) has been ever true to his Marriage-Bed, and indeed (*as is well known to your Majesty*) his Royal Highness has ever enjoy'd such a *Golden Age* in a Wife, that he was never under the *least Temptation to love where he*
did

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did not marry, or if he had, every Temptation he had met with of that Kind would have prov'd but a shining Jewel in his crown of Victory ; his strict Chastity wou'd certainly have overcome it, or at least the vertuous Charms of his Royal Consort wou'd ; for should I trace this Glorious Princess thro' all the Perfections in which she shines (either as a Wife, Mother, or Christian) I shou'd not know how to end.

For first in her Relation to the Prince, she is the greatest Pattern of Conjugal Love and Vertue that e'er was heard of ; for during the whole time the Prince has been married to her, he never saw any Thing in her that wou'd be call'd a Fault. Solomon adds to many Commendations of a vertuous Woman, *That her Husband praises her* : And the Prince's Love to his Royal Consort is the best Elogy.

Moses refus'd to be call'd the Son of Pharaoh's Daughter, " and we have now a Royal Princess (as the Pious Mr. Acres observes in his Sermon intituled, *The true Method of propagating Religion and Loyalty*) that upon her Marriage with another Person might have been immediately a Queen, " and

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“ and quickly after an *Empress*,
“ chose a more humble State of Life rather
“ than to make *Shipwrack of Faith and*
“ *good Conscience* : What a rare Thing
“ this for a Young Lady, that has been brought
“ up in the Softness of a Court to decline
“ *the Pomp and Glory of the World!* But
“ now God has and will exalt both her and
“ hers ; God has made her as a fruitful
“ *Vine by the Sides of the House*, and her
“ Children as *Olive-Plants round about the*
“ *Table* : What a Conjugal Golden Age is
this ? Great Britain was never blessed be-
fore with such a Numerous Issue from
Protestant Princesses ; may she live to see
Childrens Children ; for if there ever was
Golden Age in a married State, 'tis seen
the *mutual Endearments* and constant
deavours of the *Prince and Princess*
Wales to make their Marriage a Blessing
each other.

There is no need of falling out to
new their Love ; such was the Harmonious
Agreement of their Minds and Counsels from
the first Day of their Auspicious Marriage
that their Wills were still the same ; whatever
pleas'd, whatever dislik'd the one, always
dislik'd

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lik'd, still pleas'd the other ; so that,
they may be said to be born under one *Con-*
stellation, or rather, that one Soul resided in
two Bodies : And this Harmony of the Opini-
ons and Counsels of the Prince and Prin-
cess has often happened, when the one knew
nothing of the others Mind ; insomuch,
that Similitude of Manners, and Consent of
Minds (not Fortune) seem'd to have join'd
the Prince and Princess of *Wales*.
Then what a *Golden Age* wou'd Marriage
it self produce, wou'd all Your Majesties
Subjects imitate that bright Example of Con-
jugal Love, that their Royal Highnesses set
daily in their own Practice ; for my own
share, I can't but congratulate a *Faithful and*
lovely Couple be they either in a High or
low Station ; as all the Misfortunes of my
whole Life are owing to that *Cursed Blank*
once drew in the *Conjugal Lottery* ; but
I have had my Length of Prosperity as well
as other Men (I mean a *Golden Age* in Wed-
lock) and therefore I shan't repine, that I
am now shipwreck'd upon the *Stormy Sea*
of Marriage ; for if I have met with the
evil's *Kinswoman* in a second Venture, I
have one Remedy left still, and that is *Pa-*
tience,

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tience, which, tho' it be but an indifferent Cordial, yet (by the Blessing of God) the only infallible Remedy for all Diseases of Body and Mind ; but however uneasy Persons of a meaner Rank may be, under the *Marriage-Toke*, yet 'tis certain that their Royal Highnesses were design'd by Heaven for a mutual Blessing to each other, and for a perfect Pattern of *Conjugal Love* to the whole *British* Nation, and therefore as the *Golden Age of Matrimony* (I call it so, *all the Sweets of Life are couch'd in Marriage*) is reviv'd by that spotless, and most endearing Affection that has ever been betwixt the Prince and Princess of *Wales*, don't wonder, that all Your Majesties Loyal Subjects do now triumph in the happy Nuptials of this Royal Pair, who (besides their Conjugal Vertues) have strengthened our Monarchy with such a *Numerous Issue* as 'tis hop'd will continue the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of *Hanover* to the World's End ; and this leads me to the next Place to consider in what Instance his Royal Highness has exemplified the *Golden Age as a Father*,

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As a Father.— How tender is he of his Royal Issue? In particular, how careful of the Education of Prince *Frederick George* in the true Protestant Religion, and in those Royal Vertues necessary for a Young Prince: If I can but once find the Fear of God in those about me (said the Pious *Constantine*) I shall have enough for my self and Children they will be all cared for. His Royal Highness is of the same Opinion in saying, *Religion is the most justifiable Cause in the World, and that he could not disguise his Concern for the Protestant Religion in which he was educated.* A Good Education is never worn out: *It hung about me* (said the Noble Lord *Russell*) *when I minded it least.* And 'twas for this Reason, that your Majesty took Care to form the Mind of Your Royal Son by the Principles of Vertue; and none are *too great* to follow his pious Example; for 'tis the Duty of Parents from the highest to the lowest to see their Children brought up in the Fear of God for certainly 'tis better not to be at all than to be miserable) and accordingly his Royal Highness (following your Majesties pious Example) set out his Son (and the Little

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Princesses) in the fair way to Heaven, and the *Princely Youth* lives so exactly his Father's Precepts, that should he dye before he blesses *England with his Royal Presence* (which God forbid) we have good Reason to think, 'twou'd be only to leave this *World to be Crown'd above.*

Having shew'd how his Royal Highness exemplifies the *Golden Age as a Husband, and Father*, I shall next shew how he lives the same *as a Christian.*

As a Christian.--- The Prince of *Wales* is a bright Example of solemn and unaffected Devotion ; he *prays* with humble Reverence, *Receives the Holy Sacrament* (as he lately did at St. *Ann's Church*) with great Affection, *Hears the Word* with respectful Silence, and with serious Application of Spirit, as duly considering the *Infinite Interval* between the Supremacy of Heaven, and Princesses on Earth ; *that their Greatness, in its Lustre, is but a faint and vanishing Reflection of the Divine Majesty.* And his Religion is all of a piece ; for he is strictly *Just*, as well as sincerely *Devout* ; he distributes his Favours with so equal Hands, that *Justice* her self cou'd not have held the Scales more

Even

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Even ; and with that natural propensity to do Good to all Mankind, that were *the whole VVorld his own*, his Inclinations to Bounty must have ruin'd him : And he is thus *Devout, Just, and Bountiful*, from a Principle of Conscience, chusing rather to be *Good* than *Great* : So that all that *Piety, Justice, Temperance, and Conjugal Affection*, that was feign'd to be in the first *Golden Age*, is really exemplified in the Glorious life and Character of their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of *Wales*.

But I'll stop here, for his Royal Highness excels in every Vertue, that to speak of him more, either as a *Husband, Father, or Christian*, is only (like that foolish Captain, who declar'd before *Hannibal* of the *Art of War*) to betray my Ignorance : For, like those who have survey'd the Moon by Glasses, I can only tell of a *new shining VVorld* it *reveals* us, but not relate the Riches and Glories of the place. I can only say in general, that the Souls of other Men shine out *as little Crannies*, they understand some one shining, perhaps, to Admiration, while they are darkned on all the other parts : But the more of his Royal Highness is *an entire*
G 2 *Globe*

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Globe of Light, breaking out on every side. And if in this Character I have only discover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the *Light* falls unequally, or that Your Majesty did not know that all these Vertues adorn Your Royal Son and Daughter, &c. but because the Body which receives it is of unequal parts, and all your Subjects might know how truly the *Golden Age* is exemplified in every Branch of Your Illustrious House.

Having shewn how far the *Golden Age* is exemplified in Your Majesties *Royal Offspring* (and as they are a part of Your Royal Self, I hope the Excursion will be the more excusable) I shall now return to my Essay upon your Majesties Royal Verues, as they are a *Pattern for our Imitation*.

We may well call this present Year, 1714 *The Year of Wonders, and the Birth Day of England's Happiness*, or rather the GOLDEN AGE, as we have now Nothing further to ASK (or to WISH, to use the Word of that *Loyal and Excellent Prelate* the Bishop of *Sarum*) but the continuance of those invaluable Blessings, which we ourselves enjoy under your Majesties Glorious Reign, and which we hope our *Children*

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And Childrens Children will live to possess
in the Reign of Your Royal Son and most
Illustrious House to the World's End. Then
sure I am, that Day, in which King George
was proclaim'd our *rightful Sovereign*, ought
to be registred in the *Kalendar* of all Loyal
Hearts, as long as the *Sun and Moon* shall
endure ; and I hope to present the World
with a *Vision* of England's *Happiness* for as
long a Time under the *Glorious Reigns* of
Your Majesty and Your *Illustrious House*.

Methinks I see already on the *Loom*,
revolving Years of the 3d *Edward* come ;
I see the *Martial'd Britons* all advance,
and in their *Helmets* quaff the *Bloud* of
France :

While *George's* Health goes round in spark-
ling *Wine*,

and *Visions* of his *House* to th' End of Time,
proclaim 'em *rightful Kings*, and all their
Race *Divine* :

I see their Pow'r thro' the won Realm diffuse,
Now *Gallia* yields, and *Boileau* damns his
Muse,

He now on *Lewis* pleads an Irony,
To you *Great George* the transfer'd Praises flie ;

No

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No trivial Statue shall thy Fame suffice,
 We'll raise *Colossi* to th' endanger'd Skies,
 And shew the Gods how *GEORGE's* Vertues rise.

But I'll stop here; for to enumerate *Thy shining Merits*, Mighty Prince, would be to write the History of thy Glorious Reign; fit only for *the Pen of an Angel* (or at least of a *Walpole*, *Steel*, or *Addison*) who can penetrate into the *very Recesses of Thy Soul*, and communicate to us, thy Faithful Subjects, the *Beauties of it*.

'Twill exceed the Limits of a *Panegyric* to dwell upon this Glorious Theme, which wou'd soon *swell into a Volume*; 'tis so transporting, 'tis all *Golden Age*. The Subject it self warms and delights all Loyal Grateful Hearts, that are sensible, what our rightful and glorious Sovereign is and will do for us; he will out-go the fam'd *Henries* and brave *Edwards* too! Those Gallant Princes, that stand so fair in *English Annals* that carried their victorious Arms into the very Heart of *France*, and receiv'd the *Gallick Crown* at *Paris*; methinks I see already that *Bloudy Crown* begin to totter

and

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and *Lewis* shake in's Throne ; amaz'd to
think that all his *Perjuries*, his *Rapines* and
Oppressions are now like to be accounted for.
The just Reward of all his *Barbarous Acts*
near at Hand, almost within his View.
Thou must for ever lose Hopes of *Universal*
Empire ; All his Glory, and his flattering
honour, are now envelop'd in the Clouds :
The *RISING SUN* no more shall be
his Motto.

Our Crowns the *British* Empire claims,
Which were at once lost by unhappy *James*,
Thou wilt thou in Grateful *England* art ador'd,
And *Scotland's* proud to own thee for her
Lord ;
Scotland subdu'd, doth now her Crown resign.
One yet remains ; pursue, and *France* is
thine.

In

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In Hope of this (*Great Prince*) all the *Protestant Part of the World* admire and love you, and all the rest fear and dread you, and sure that must needs be a *Golden Age* to *England*, when a *Protestant King* holds the *Ballance of Europe*, and the *Prince or Subject* is only happy or safe, that obtains his *Friendship*, and all will have that have either *Goodness or Honour* enough to deserve it. Thy very *Enemies* own thy *Merit*, and even *unborn Babes* will be oblig'd to thy *Sword*, when it has cut out more *Safe and Honourable Peace* than we yet enjoy. How happy are those *Subjects* that are blest with such a *Prince*; A *Prince* that always rewards his *Friends*, does *Justice to his Enemies*, and is so truly *Great and Good*, that he fears no *Man*. These are *Blessings* fit only to adorn thy *God-like Reign*, and for which we all huzza, *Long live King GEORGE*, (and his ever victorious *General, John, Duke of Marlborough*) as firmly believing, 'tis only the total *Conquest* of that bloody and perfidious *Tyrant the French King*, that can secure to us this *Golden Age* we enjoy.

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But let me correct my self, when I assert
my Power on Earth (and much less that of
the *French King*) is able to put an End to
that *Golden Age* that we and our Posterity
are like to enjoy under Your Majesty, and
Your Illustrious House, to the World's End:
No, *Great Sir*, 'tis not possible that the *Gold-*
Age shou'd ever end, or that the Tyrant
of *France* shou'd be suffer'd to insult *Eng-*
land (as he now does at *Dunkirk* and *Mar-*
myke, tho' a conquer'd and despis'd Enemy,
all the Late *Jacobite Ministry* retriev'd his
glory by a *Separate Peace*) so long as Your
Majesty and Your Royal Son sits on the *Bri-*
sh Throne, or Your Army is commanded
by that Great and ever Victorious General,
John Duke of Marlborough; for this In-
vincible Brave Commander has an Antipa-
thy by Nature against *Popery* and *Arbitrary*
Government, and seems made for that very
End, to fight a *Frenchman*. Were the
Blood of the Illustrious *Marlborough* poured
into the same Bowl with a *Frenchman's*,
you'd certainly refuse to mingle with it;
it either swim uppermost like Oil, or like
some Chymical Extractions, when mix'd with
other Liquors, Drive it all about the Room:

H

And

The GOLDEN AGE.

And had he one Drop left in his own Veins,
which he thought came from that insulting
Nation, *he'd go near to let it out, tho' his*
Heart had not enough behind for one Pulse
more.

While for a Righteous Cause he arms,
The wondrous Hero 'scapes
From Death in Thousand Shapes ;
Still safe, still foremost in Alarms.

Let *H---ly's* *G----* shun the Field,
The Active Part to others yield ;
In Person Triumph, but by Proxy fight,
'Tis *Marlborough* alone can Dangers slight

Notwithstanding all which, he neither De-
spises his Enemy before he Conquers, nor In-
sults him after ; both infallible Indications
of a base Temper.

The Knowledge of *VVarfare* is thrown
away on a General who dares not make use
of what he knows : I commend it only in
Man of Courage and of Resolution ; in him
it will direct his *Martial Spirit*, and teach
him the way to the best Victories, which are
those that are least Bloody, and which, the

The GOLDEN AGE.

Atchiev'd by the *Hand*, are Manag'd by the
Head. *Pity* never looks so *Bright* as when
it shines in *Steel*; and therefore the Generous
Marlborough grants his Enemy all the Ad-
vantages that the *Art of VVar* can afford;
besides a *new Martial Genius* running thro'
the Nation; so that they seem all *Mad* to be
Knock'd o'th' Head, or to serve others so.
His Grace believes, that *Lewis XIV.* is the
bravest Villain, since *Lucifer*; and as far
out-shines a puny *Nero*, *Julian*, or *Diocle-*
sian, in *Glorious VVickedness*, as they the
rest of Mankind; on which Account he
thinks him well worthy the *Thunder of Hea-*
ven, and the Arms of those Brave Men
that imbark with him. How many Valiant
Souldiers does such a Couragious Leader
make, as the Duke of *Marlborough* always
was: Which gives us Hopes, that the *Wild*
Beast of *France* all this while keeps the
World at a Bay, only to bring more *Glory to*
the English *Mastives*, in tearing him to the
Ground.

For it may well be inferr'd from Your
Majesties *Royal Valour and Conduct*, and
the matchless Success in Arms of Your ever
Victorious Generals, (*Marlborough, Argile,*

The GOLDEN AGE.

Cadogan, Stanhope, and Cobham, &c.) what was said of *Great Alexander*, and his Father *Philip*, *That one had a Soul fit to Conquer a World, and the other to Govern it*; This is the least that is said of Your Sacred Majesty, and Your *Glorious Generals*, who are not more proud to command under Your Majesty, than all Your *Whigg-Subjects* are ready to stand by You with their Lives and Fortunes, as believing the *Sacheverelite* (*Jacobite*) *Faction* will never be wholly suppressed in *England*, or the *Golden Age* secured from *Popery* and *Slavery*, 'till the *French Tyrant* is no longer in any Capacity either to Protect the *Pretender at Bar-le-duc*, or to Bribe such, that (like *Dr. Sacheverell*) drink his Health in *England* upon their bare Knees.

Then (most *ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE*)

Honour and Glory call;

Haste, Arm, the Trumpets sound!

Humble the haughty *GAUL*,

Return with Lawrels crown'd:

None can Your Arms oppose,

Great *MARLB'RO'* with you goes.

The GOLDEN AGE.

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The ever Victorious *Marlborough*, who
has a Life at the Service of his *King*, his
Country, and all *Mankind*, whose common
Cause he now esteems it, and thinks he can
never lay his Bones more Honourably, than
in those Places where his Valiant Ancestors
lay before him : The very Names of *Cressy*,
Agincourt, Charm him ; and he'd much ra-
ther be buried there in the *Bed of Honour*,
than tamely Die at Home in his own : Not
wou'd it be an easie Choice, if he was ei-
ther to Die himself, or see his *Royal General*
King George hazard his Sacred Life, whom
he loves more than Life, or Honour, wou'd
not exchange for an *Alexander*, or a *Cesar*,
and thinks 'tis impossible for him to be Beat-
en, whilst he follows his *Royal Commands*.

E) *Then LORD OF HOSTS !*

Preserve *Great GEORGE*, while he doth
advance,

His shining Arms against encroaching *France*,
Guide thou the pious Hero's Fate ;
And help the Prop, the Glory of our State !

Preserve

Th

Preserve our War-like Prince, the Prince that
must
Break ROME's STONE-GODS, and crush
her into Dust.

What a *Golden Age* of Piety, Learning
Honour and pure-reform'd Religion wou'd the
whole World then enjoy, but more especially
those that are so *Truly Blest*, as to be the
Subjects of King *George*; neither do we
doubt but to see Your Majesty and the
Kingdoms you govern thus happy; for what
can't a Royal General do, who has the very
Hearts of his Souldiers by his Valour and
Generous Nature; but I shan't need to enlarge
on the Greatness of Your Majesties Soul to
all such that fight under Your Royal Com-
mand; for 'tis so much in your Nature to do
Good, that *Your Majesties Life is but one*
continued Act of placing Benefits on such as
deserve it, as the Sun is always carrying his
Light to some part or other of the World
so that our Glorious *George* is come to that
transcendent Altitude, that he seems to be
mounted above the Reach of Fear, or En-
vy, and I had almost said, of *Imitation*.

When you unknown to th' World, brave
Prince didst sit,
Skilful in Eloquence, Manners, Arts, and
Wit ;

The highest Pitch of Honour was Your
Due ;

and now advanc'd, if like your self you
prove,

What shall I say, you equal Gods above :

For sure no Man can equal you.

Except those, who (like the ever Victo-
rious *Marlborough*) make their Valour and
Conduct the Example of *Your matchless*
Prowess, which his *Grace* has done in so
Spotless and Glorious a Manner for Ten
Campaigns, that when he chac'd Bright Fame
with the Roaring of Cannon, he was still
foremost ; and where'er goes in Search of the
Enemy he can feel Nothing, he wants No-
thing : *Hardship* is Ease, *Hunger* a Ban-
quet, and a Steel-*Corset* as easie as Beds of
Down, and (I had almost said) his Soldiers
are as Brave as He ; for there's not a Man
in his whole Army knows what 'tis to mur-
mur at, or dispute his Commands, any more
than

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than to flie, while he in Person leads the Battle ; which he will (if the Enemy will stand long enough to be Kill'd) thro' a Sea of Blood. For he is patient of all Hardships, and Fatigues, if he mayn't be said rather to enjoy, than endure 'em. He knows his Business in War is not so much to Eat as to Fight ; and 'tis not Money, but Honour, that he ventures his Life for.

Then can any Loyal Subject doubt of the Revival of a Martial Golden Age in Great Britain, when our Army has such a Wise and Invincible Monarch to lead it as Glorious George, and such an Experienc'd and Victorious General as the Duke of Marlborough always ready to obey his Commands : Marlborough ! the Brave, Courageous Marlborough ! that had rather get new Wounds (which he wears as Great-men Stars) than boast of his old ; and be in a new Battle than talk of those he has formerly seen. Nature itself he can fight with, tho' perhaps not Overcome ; Rocks, Mountains, Rivers, Deluges, and Winter, never make him afraid ; tho' he wou'd sooner wish an Enemy that gave him leave to exercise something else than Passive Valour. However, in such Cases

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Cases as these, he maintains his own Ground, tho' he can't perhaps gain another ; or at least quits it, not loses it ; may Retire, but *never Runs away*, and his Retreat is like a Ram's, to come on with greater Vengeance ; or the Sun, which mounts so low in Winter, only to take the Advantage of wheeling about, and rising again in Summer, when the sawcy Fogs and Mists must all flie before him. The illustrious *Marlborough* rises in the Spring, like a Snake that has lost his Cloathing, all fresh, sprightly, and vigorous, calls for new *Hochstets*, new *Armies*, new *Kingdoms* to Conquer, and an Enemy that dare Fight him. His Excellency lies in *Standing*, not *Running* ; since in a Battle he expects to have a Tryal of Strength of his *Hands*, and not the Agility of his *Feet* ; and if he Falls in *A New VVar* with France (the only Thing that can secure that *Golden Age* that we now enjoy) he knows his Cause is well worth it, and desires no better an Epitaph than these few Words :

Here lies an ENGLISHMAN.

The GOLDEN AGE.

But I shall not here recite all those Heroick Actions of this great General, which all *Europe* have Celebrated, and none have Equall'd; they are too many for a short Character, and only fit for *solid, lasting History*, which certainly must do his Grace that Right to Enrole him in the foremost *Rank of Fame*: Nor can we doubt, but the Memory of his Great Actions will last, when Time shall have devour'd the Places where they were perform'd; when *Hochstet, Blenheim, Lisle* and *Doway* shall be a Heap of Rubbish, and the Names might otherwise be swallow'd in the Ruine, it will be remembred by the *Greatest Actions in the VWorld*, done there by the *Greatest and the Earliest Hero*.

Thus we find in the Victorious *Marlborough* the true Spirit and Bravery of Old *Rome*, that despises all Dangers; nor can the Manly Roughness of his Natural Temper (*Fierce to none but his Countries Foes*) destroy the engaging *Sweetness* his Agreeable Conversation abounds with; which, heightened with a large Share of *Valour* and *Judgment*, improves as well as delights. His Grace reconciles *the Lamb and the Lion* exactly; in the Field, he seems made only for *VWar*

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War ; and any where else for Nothing but *Love* : For (notwithstanding all his *Fierceness of Courage*) he has that Gentleness to Mankind, that he thinks that Day lost, in which he does not Oblige.

Neither do these Excellencies puff him up : For (to compleat his Character) he is that Brave *Marlborough* I have here describ'd, without the least Tincture of Pride, or Vanity. Vanity has always been the Refuge of Little Souls, that place their Value in *Pomptuous Living, and Big Titles* : The meer Man of Quality wou'd (cheaply) purchase Respect by such Toys as these ; but were there any Merit in such *GREATNESS*, the Duke of *Marlborough* wou'd be ador'd ; for he has such a Noble Seat at *Woodstock*, as may properly be call'd the *Elisium* of *England* ; and were not his Grace better principl'd than to forget Heaven for the sake of a perishing Glory, he'd little think of Mansions hereafter, who has such a *Paradise* as this to Dwell in. But the Generous Man (like the Illustrious *Marlborough*) is little Affected with *Empty Greatness*, but fixes himself in the Hearts of the *most valuable Part* of *Mankind*, where proper Merit only is esteem'd ;

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steem'd ; and the Man, not his Equipage and Accidental Appurtenances, respected. But I find I must stop here ; for the most I can say of this *Great General*, is the least of what he merits : For, (to conclude his Character) He is justly honour'd with being CAPTAIN-GENERAL to all Your Majesties Forces ; which being Your Majesties voluntary Choice is the highest Flight can be made in his Praise, as the advancing the Duke of *Marlborough* to that High *Military Post* sufficiently shews your Majesty thinks him the fittest *Guard* for the *Golden Age*, as he is in Reality the greatest General (King *George* and his Royal Highness excepted) that ever *entred the Field of Battle*.

The Noblest Purple swells his gen'rous Veins,
Which yet he bravely spends in long Campaigns ;

A Thirst of Fame his gallant Breast inspires,
And only *Albion's* Peace can quench the Fire.
I mean that *Peace* that all but JACKS * admire ;

* Jacobites.

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For 'tis no *Peace* patch'd up by *Luidore*,
No *White-Staff-Peace*, that different ways
did soar ;
No *Diamond-Peace*, * that made the Na-
tion Poor ;
No Popish *Peace* to make Young *Perkin*
King,
and save TWO NECKS, that must in Hal-
fswing ;
No ! 'twas that *Peace* which all true Patriots
seek ;
'Twas Just and Lasting, 'twas no *Separate*
Trick :
'Twas that Good *Peace* which our Allies
wou'd have,
What *Marlborough* fought for, and wou'd
England save.

And it must be own'd to the Eternal Ho-
nour of the Duke of *Marlborough*, that his
matchless Conduct and Success in Arms made
Queen Anne's Character shine both at Home

* Alluding to that *Rich Diamond*, that the *French*
King presented to Viscount *Bolingbroke*, when Lord
Harley sent him to *France* to patch up a *Separate*
Peace.

and

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and *Abroad for the First Eight Years of her*
Reign beyond any of her Predecessors (th
Glorious WILLIAM and MARY only ex
cepted) And tho' of late Queen *Anne* ha
the Misfortune to be wholly govern'd by th
Earl of *Oxford* (who for that Reason is ju
ly call'd QUEEN ROBIN) yet was she
truly Pious and Good to her last *Breath* th
the very worst *her Enemies* can say of h
is,

In Post Queen *Anne* is gone to Heav'n,
To get past (when there) the *Bill of Schism*
That needless Trouble she might spare,
No *Tory-Senate's* sitting there :
Who are the Tools that cannot see,
The Bill's 'gainst just Heav'n's Decree ;
Mercy the Gospel always meant,
To *persecute's* not Heav'n's Intent :
Howe'er it be, it's well she's gone
To Introduce BRAVE GEORGE O
BRUM.

To save the Nation twice she try'd,
First when she *Fought*, and when she *Dy'd*.

Neithe

The GOLDEN AGE.

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Neither can any Loyal Subject, that either loves his Country, or English Liberties, doubt this being the deplorable Condition of the British Nation at the very Time our Pious and Excellent Queen exchange'd her earthly for an Heavenly Crown. The great danger the Kingdom was then in from the Pretender, Popery and Slavery, being plainly mov'd by the following Address to Your Majesty from the Borough of *New-Malton* in *Yorkshire* :

Most Gracious Sovereign,

THE just Fears and Jealousies we have lately laid under of having a Popish Pretender introduc'd into this Kingdom by a Ministry so bold, that durst advise her late Majesty to deny his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, then Duke of Cambridge, coming to England to take his Seat in the House of Peers, are now, God be Prais'd, vanish'd. Your Majesty and his Royal Highnesses arrival in Great Britain, and by Your Choice Ministers of State, who formerly in that Station made a Reign Glorious, 'till a Fatal Remove of them, and a Dissolution of a good

good Parliament had very near reduc'd us
 Ruine, by putting the most Flourishing Kin-
 dom into the Power of a Prince often
 clar'd both by Crown and Parliament
 greatest Enemy and Oppressor of Euro-
 Now, Great Sir, that our Fears are over-
 we take Liberty to end this Your Trouble
 assuring Your Majesty, that Nothing in O-
 Duty shall be wanting to assist You against
 all Pretenders whatsoever to Your Crow-
 and Dignity, and shall always rejoyce in
 Encrease of Your Royal Line, which we
 upon to be the only Support of the Protest-
 Religion and the Liberty of Christend-
 and that Your Majesty may long live to sit
 the Scepter of Your Kingdoms, and that
 Your Royal Issue may ever enjoy not only
 Your Crown but Your Vertues, is the Con-
 stant Prayer of Your Majesties most De-
 ful and Loyal Subjects.

As this Loyal Address from Malton gives
 Your Majesty a Faithful Account of the
 IRON AGE of Jacobitism, Bribery,
 Profaneness, that afflicted every true Friend
 to the House of Hanover for the last Forty
 Years, so that Excellent Address from N-
 tingha

The GOLDEN AGE.

ingham (as I shall shew anon) as plainly discovers that *Golden Age* of Justice, Honour, and Reformation, with which all Your Majesties Subjects are now blest, and we have good Reason to hope, will continue to be so, in their Childrens Children to the *World's End*; for as the *Malton-Address* fairly proves, the *Golden Age* had ne'er been reviv'd in *England*, but by the displacing of the *Late Ministry*; so 'tis now apparent the same is fully exemplified in Your Majesties Royal Person and Issue; and therefore, tho' we have lost a very Pious and Excellent Queen by the Death of Royal *Anne*, yet as the *Late Ministry* basely betray'd their Sovereign and Native Country by a *Separate Peace* (and other *Jacobite-Practices* mention'd in the *Malton-Address*) as I ventur'd *Neck or Nothing* to discover their Treason, shall still call *A Spade a Spade*, by *Paraphrasing* upon Your Majesties so seasonably displacing the *Late Ministry* in these Words.

When Princes fall, some think that *Justice* flies,
and that with *Anna* all Religion dyes:

The GOLDEN AGE.

I the Reverse, that hers and *Oxford's* Fate
(From whence we may our happy *Era*
date)

Give to both drooping the most Vig'rous
State.

The one (tho' Good) yet melting like the
Wax,

Took all Impressions owing to her Sex ;

The other such a *Doubler* in his Trade,
Religion, Honour, (ALL) a Handle made
For the WHITE STAFF, and B----brok

by Wh---g,
Did both abhor, what they were just RE

STORING. *

So that QUEEN ROBIN was a *Janus*
Prince,

To BRUNSWICK he look'd, but Row'd
direct for *France* ;

Thrice Happy *Britons* ! Now a *Hero* Reigns
With *British* Bloud, and Courage in his
Veins,

* As is largely prov'd by that truly Learned and
most Ingenious Gentleman, Mr. *John Toland*, in
his late Seasonable and Excellent Treatise, intituled
The Art of Restoring.

Hence

The GOLDEN AGE.

Hence all Effeminate Sobs, all Slavish Fear,
Our *GEORGE* for *England*, and a *MARLBRO'* here:

Great Things presage to the Autumnal Year:
Great Things indeed! The least they do pre-
sage,
Is War with *France*, and then a *GOLDEN*
AGE.

And how wellcome must the Revival of
the *Golden Age* needs be to a Protestant
Kingdom upon the very Brink of Ruin (i. e.
that was merely sold to France and Rome
by a Jacobite Ministry that were just making
Good their Bargain) 'tis true this *Golden*
Age of a Reformation is not yet so *General*,
but a few Hereditary Passive Canters, finding
Nature to Rebel against Principle, had so con-
certed their New Measures with the *Preten-*
der, as to raise *MOBS* and *RIOTS* all the
Kingdom over upon that Blessed and Ever-
Glorious Day upon which Your Majesty was
Crown'd King, but that the *Sacheverelite* (or
High-Church) Rebels may be all brought to
open and Condign Punishment, I have sent
General Hue and Cry after them, and re-
solve to publish their Black and Villainous

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History ; and tho' I shall run the Hazard of my Life and Fortune a second Time by thus exposing your Majesties MOB-ENEMIES ; yet as the Discovery of *Jacobite-Plots* against your Crown and Dignity is the indispensable Duty of every Loyal Subject, had I a Million of *NECKS*, I'd venture 'em all in making, ---- *A Search after the Jacobite Rioters* ; which Search (if I live to compleat it) I shall entitle, "The Secret History of the Mob Plot : Or a General Hue and Cry after False-Obedience and Non-Resistance, to all those Cities, Towns and Villages of Great Britain and Ireland, where the Sathern Faction have either wounded or murdered the Loyal Whiggs for that extraordinary Joy they express at the Coronation of King George." This *HUE and CRY* has been on the Search for the Rioters, ever since Your Majesties Proclamation for taking of them, and are here all Detected, Arraign'd, and Characteriz'd, and the whole Search Dedicated to that Arch-Jacobite, Dr. Sacheverell ; as to his False Brethren Drinking the Pretender's Health, and Seditious Progress through several Counties, that we owe all those

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visions and MOBBINGS that have
been in *England* for these last Four Years ;
so that 'tis plain from the Traiterous Pra-
ctices of *Dr. Sacheverel*, and the Mobbs
he has rais'd to blemish the *Glorious Day*
of Your Majesties Coronation, that the *Fa-*
robite Faction, that call themselves *High-*
Church, are in Reality a Scandal to that
Golden Age that Your Majesty has reviv'd
by Your Royal Vertues of *Charity*, *Tem-*
perance, and *Moderation*: These *High-Church*
Mobbers (if in *Holy Orders*) are a Sort of
DIVINITY-METEORS, that run whisking
up and down to misguide the wandring Peo-
ple, and vent their undigested Conceits as the
Wind of their *airy Fancies* agitates 'em ; one
cannot perceive 'em to be *Cripples*, and yet
there is not one of 'em but halts most con-
spicuously between *GOD* and *BAAL*: These
High-Church Mobbers pretend to be Pro-
testants, but with an extraordinary Inclination
to Popery, that they may have Two Strings
to their Bow, and be ready upon the Return
of their Idol (*King Perkin*) to fall down
and worship his Will and Pleasure. They
are credulous Bigots that never think, and
for that reason are perfect Enemies to a *Gold-*

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en Age of Charity and Brotherly Love
Your Majesty desires Perfect Peace and Uni
on amongst all Your Protestant Subjects, but
these Fiery *Mad-Caps* do now fling about
their Bombs and their Granadoes, as if they
were storming a *Conventicle*; every Word
is a Snap-Dragon, or a Flash of Lightning
enough to singe all the Perriwigs in the Con
gregation. — Strange! — That such
ery Priests shou'd be for *Passive Obedience*
But that's a Vertue: (as is seen by Dr. *Sack*
verell's late Mobbing Progress through sever
gal Counties) which they only Preach to o
thers, never Practice themselves: Such *Pa*
sive Doctors (or rather *Mobbers*) as these
if they happen to be advanc'd near the Per
son of their Prince, instead of putting him
in Mind of his *Coronation-Oath*, and o
the Duties of his High Station, they tell him
— That Kings breath not the same Breat
h with other Men; that they are not of the
Race of *Adam*, but the Sons of *Jupiter*
Ammon, &c. descended from Heave
n boot'd and spur'd to guide their Vassals th
People. Moreover, that they are no mor
oblig'd by any *Coronation-Oaths*, tha
Lovers by their Vows to their Mistresse

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but may dispense with the Establish'd Constitutions of the Kingdom at their own Will and Pleasure, and that they are accountable to none but God ; that *Arbitrary Power* is the *Golden Age* by Divine Appointment, and that no Subjects are truly Loyal but such that (like *Mobbing Sacheverelites*) will prostitute both Law and Conscience to oblige their Prince ; for these good Services, and many more of the same Nature, they prevail with a *Party-King* to enlarge their Encroachments upon the Civil Jurisdiction, and having gotten an unjustifiable Power into their Hands, they call it the CHURCH, which they think is no longer Safe than they are caress'd and prefer'd ; so that whatever the *Lay-Mobbers* may be, 'tis evident, that the *Pulpit Incendiaries* are the perfect Reverse of the *Golden Age* ; and I the rather affirm this, as the greatest Part of these Mobbing (or Persecuting) *Levites* were of King *James's* Promotion, or by his Interest, when Duke of *York* ; and fearing therefore to be laid aside, they wou'd make the World believe, that the Church of *England* will fall, shou'd they be discarded ; when others more dignified,

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• *nised, more conscientious, more Religious*
• *more Learned, more fore-seeing,* app
• *hend no such Danger.* They wou'd ma
• *the World believe the Reformation of*
• *Clergy to be the Down-fall of the Church*
• *Hence such a Bustle, such a Clutter, such*
• *Hurry; hence so much Canvassing at Ele*
• *tions, such bawling out Sacheverell and*
• *Church; as if all lay at Stake when nothing*
• *is in Danger.*

In these Reflections * I shall allways ex
cept those worthy Divines of the Church
England, that have either *Piety, Learning*
or *Temper*; for no such were ever yet seen
to encourage *MOB S*, or to foment Divi
sions, as Dr. S---l, Dr. H---ns, and Dr
W---n, have often done by their *Pulp*
Raillery, Drinking the Pretender's Health
and *False Cry of the Church's Danger.* 'T
true, I can't prove that Dr. H---ns ev
drunk the *Pretender's Health*, as Dr. S---
and Dr. W---n frequently did in Quee

* Which I have largely prov'd to be matter
Fact in a Treatise I call, *Plain French, or a Sat*
upon the Tackers.

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Ann's Reign) but he *out-roar'd* 'em both in the *False Cry of the Church's Danger*: And another *Mobbing-Priest* (a Great Creature of Lord H---ly's, tho' otherwise a Man of Learning and Sense) has had the Assurance to declare in the open Pulpit, *That the Dissenters are worse than the Papists, that the Lutherans are worse than the Dissenters, and that the Church of England is now in greater Danger than ever*; and therefore 'tis hoped these Four *Jacobite* Priests will be always hissed from the Royal Presence by those very *Mobs* they have lately rais'd by their inconsistent and trait'rous Notions of *Hereditary Right* and *Passive Obedience*; for if Men of their *Jacobite* Character be again advanc'd either in Church or State, neither the *Golden Age*, nor indeed scarce the *Shew* of Religion or Loyalty will continue amongst us any longer, than 'till they have finish'd that *Art of Restoring* that *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* had begun with such great Success; and which the *Sacheverelite* and *Weltonian* Rioters have promoted with such matchless Impudence, that the truly Pious and Reverend Mr. *Joseph Acres* had like to have been *Mobb'd* (i. e. pull'd to Pieces) in *White-*

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Chappel Pulpit, for only shewing to his *Jacobite* Hearers, *The True Method of Propagating Religion and Loyalty*; — Dr. Welton's Hearers cou'd so little bear to hear such *Seasonable* and *Loyal* Doctrine as this, where *Jacobite* Principles had been so often broach'd, that Mr. *Acres* himself assures the World
* That violent Hands were laid upon him
a soon as he came out of the Church, and
that he narrowly escap'd with his Life; and
this *Weltonian Mob* (for in *White-Chap-ple*, *tis* like Priest, like People) was spirited up against him for no other Reason
but for preaching against the persecuting Temper of the Papist, Reviving the Glorious Memory of King *William*, Giving Your Majesty and the Branches of Your Royal Family their just Character, and mentioning our *Great General*, (the Duke of *Marlborough*) who by the Blessing of God on his wise Conduct was the happy Instrument of reducing the exorbitant Power of *France*.

* In his Sermon intit'led, *The True Method of Propagating Religion and Loyalty*. Printed for Captain Philips at the Bull in Cornhill.

The GOLDEN AGE.

I humbly assure your Majesty (for I saw it with my own Eyes) that the Pious *Acres* meely for preaching this Orthodox Doctrine in *White-Chappel* Church was basely mobb'd and very near being *De-VVitted* by Dr. *W---n*'s Hearers (the same *W---n* that profan'd his Church by a spiteful Altar piece, and that often drinks a Health to the *Fatherless Child and the VVidow* *) and therefore I don't wonder that the Loyal *Acres* so narrowly escap'd with his Life for endeavouring to propagate Religion and Loyalty in Dr. *W---n*'s Pulpit; for tho' all the shining Qualities of the *Golden Age* is found in the pious Life of that Excellent Divine, Mr. *Joseph Acres*, yet as he is no *Jacobite*, but has always maintain'd the Necessity and Justice of the *Revolution*, it can't be expected but Dr. *W---n* (and his Favourite Hearers the stupid *Jacobites*) shou'd perfectly hate him; for 'tis well known, that the *Sacheverelite* Faction are now grown so impudent (as if they had some *Mob-Plot* to put in Execution at the Choice of the next Parliament) that

* Meaning the Pretender and his Popish Mother.

The GOLDEN AGE.

they dare *hiss* at our best Patriots in Church and State ; but let 'em *hiss* as much as they please ; for we thank God they have lost their Sting, and will ever do so, whilst such *Glorious* Patriots as *Marlborough, Somerset, Bolton, Montross, Argile, VVharton, Halifax, Nottingham, Sunderland, Warrington, Townsend, Cobham, Godolphin, Canterbury, York, Salisbury, Lincoln, Norwich, Ely, Roxborough, Cadogan, Stanhope, Lechmere, King, Parker, Onslow, Heathcote, Ward, Scawen, Humphreys, Godfrey,* &c. are *Fast Friends* to that *Golden Age* that does now flourish (in Spight of *Jacobite* Noise and Rattle) in the Illustrious House of *Hanover*, and we don't doubt but this *Golden Age* will continue as Bright and Glorious as it now shines to the World's End.

Tho' it can't be deny'd, but all Your Majesties Protestant Subjects are miraculously delivered from the *Popish Scheme* concerted by *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* to restore the Pretender, and that they are in as remarkable a manner preserv'd from the Ruin design'd to their Persons and Houses by those *Mob* Plots that have been encourag'd by the *Sacheverelite Faction* in a *False Cry* of the *Church*

The GOLDEN AGE.

67

Church's Danger : Yet this Deliverance is
so surprizing and great, that we shou'd still
fear all is but a Dream of Happiness, did
not Your Majesties *Royal Presence* convince
us, that our *Golden Age* is a real Thing ;
which I shall now call,

[The Cælestial Coronation.]

For what a Blessed *Golden Age* is that,
Where *Royal Vertues* always rule the State,
Where *Mobbing the WHIGGS* an't counted
Loyalty,
Where they an't thought to serve their King,
that God defie,
Where they that rail at Meetings or at Church,
are *Mobbers* call'd, for they that break the
Peace are such.
For *Charity* is that diffusive Thing,
That makes a *Saint*, nay more that Glorious
King,
That from your Royal Loins will ever spring.
This Blessing by Cælestial Bounty given,
Makes happy *England* seem a SECOND
HEAVEN.

A

The GOLDEN AGE.

A *Golden Age* then is too poor a Thing,
To paint that Glorious Reign I now would
sing,

Angelick Transports wou'd in all be shown,
Had we the happy Art to make 'em known
But when our Blessings we wou'd fain re-
hearfe,

We find the Theme above the Pow'r of
Verse:

No Flight of Fancy can to that pretend,
Which does our most exalted Thoughts tran-
scend;

Blest with the Transports of a *Golden Age*,
And with a King that does even HEAVEN
prefage:

Too weak our Art, our Words are all to
mean,

To tell our Joys, or paint the Radiant Scene

Say, *Painter*, say, what Method must we
chuse,

What Artful Turns invent, what Language
use?

Draw rising Suns and Streams of new-born
Light,

After the Horrors of a stormy Night,

The GOLDEN AGE.

69

Or paint the Spring, when *Flora* spreads her
Charms,

Just freed from Winter Winds and ruffling
Storms:

Yet all will be too short! —

Like Drooping Flowers, oppress'd with pon-
derous Pain,

We hung our Heads, and fear'd our Sighs
were vain;

No Night with Peace, no Day with Mirth
was Crown'd;

But in their stead perplexing Cares went
round:

The *Jacks* * well-pleas'd, a spiteful Joy ex-
press'd,

Supposing we shou'd ne'er again be Blest:

Our *Golden Age* was then conceiv'd a Jest.

Then Hail, *Great George*, the Guardian
of our Isle,

Whose Presence makes reviving Nature smile,

And all her Sorrows fleet in haste away,

Like airy Phantoms, at the Rise of Day;

* Jacobites.

50
The GOLDEN AGE.

At your Approach, the Season does renew,
And all its Pleasures stay to wait on you:
For you *Old Time* retards the flying Hours
For you gay *Flora* keeps her choicest Flowers
For you his loaded Baskets *Autumn* fills,
The Harvest Crowns the Fields, and Flocks
the Hills.

For you the Joyful Shepherds tune their
Lays, (Bays

For you the *Muse* and *Daphne* wreath thee
Whilst the past Spring looks back, and seems
to mourn,

Because he cou'd not stay, and can't return
Howe'er it be, the *Golden Age* does spring
In ev'ry Loyal Breast, for *George* is now our
King.

All hail! and welcome to our longing Sighs
As *Liberty*, or *Peace*, or *Life*, or *Light*,
For *Light*, *Life*, *Peace*, and *Liberty* we gain
With you, *Great Sir*, but wish'd for 'em
vain;

'Till you arriv'd; 'till then our Joys were fleet
But now the *Iron Age* is vanished:

Then come ye *Nymphs* in all your Flow'rs
Pride, (provide

Garlands and Wreaths, and Verdant Crowns

The GOLDEN AGE.

Flie to the East, and rob the *Blooming* Spring,
And hither all his brightest Glories bring :
The Ways with Roses, and with Violets strow,
Whilst *Zephirs* thro' the Air their Odours
blow.

For all's too little to adorn that Reign,
That makes a *Golden Age*, and blesses ev'ry
Swain.

See ! see ! what Angel comes on yonder
Cloud !

A *Golden Age* does in his Glories shroud ;
Like a descending Star, he leaves the Skie,
And his Attendants form a *Galaxie* :
A thousand Cherubs round your Chariot play,
And Seraphs spread their Garments in your
Way :

A *Golden Mist*'s your Canopy of State,
And in your Train the Saints by thousands
wait.

Had *Cyprus* so much Grace in *Venus* seen,
They well might make a Goddess of their
Queen.

Heaven by Visits makes a *Golden Age*,
We now *Great Britain* is that happy
Stage ;

M

For

THE GOLDEN AGE.

For since *Great George* appear'd, ev'n Day
increas'd its Light,
And Heaven 'till now was never seen so bright;
The *Royal Entry* was a Glorious Sight.
For now the glowing Sun in Beams of Splen-
dor danc'd,
And flashing Rays from burning Planets glanc'd.
The spangled Roof of Heaven, from both the
Poles,
In *Gilded Scaffolds* held surveying Souls.
The Enamell'd Plains of Happiness out-shone
The Gold and Azure of the Lazule-Stone.

Thus was the *Royal Entry* grac'd, and when
King George was Crown'd, all *Heav'n* adorn'd
the Scene;

This was the *Iron Age*, as Mobbers sing,
For all but *High-Church* Steeples now did ring.
The *Coronation* was so Just and Bright,
That all but * *Jacks* did now appear in White.
Whole *Heaven* appear'd to grace the Joyful
Sight.

Machines of Air from the Bright Zenith hung
Where Angels sat and play'd, and Cherubs sung.

* *Jacobites.*

The GOLDEN AGE.

Wanton (in Clusters) Seraphs flew on high,
And seem'd to make the *Fretwork* of the Skie.
On yielding Clouds whole Fleeces curl'd along,
To view the Triumph Infant-Angels clung.

The *Candiest Rainbows* were the Arches rais'd,
On which bright Spoils and flaming Trophies
blaz'd.

Troops of Arch-Angel Guards in bright Array,
Were rank'd on either Side the *Milky Way*.
On shining Pavements the Procession march'd,
And Heav'n it self seem'd for the Triumph
arch'd;

With Court above this Glorious Sight was seen,
For there the *Golden Age* has ever been)

When Royal *George* was Crown'd our Right-
ful King.

Jehovah's choicest Musick led the Van;

Each *Orpheus* mov'd upon a Silver Swan;

But *Purcell* drawn by Nightingales advanc'd,

His Notes were play'd, and *Heav'n* lay all in-
tranc'd:

The *Souls* of Men, whom *Jove* himself in-
spir'd

With sacred Skill, came gorgeously attir'd;

Here *Poetry* assum'd the formost Place

With easy Movement, and Majestick Grace;

The GOLDEN AGE.

Her pompos Sister *Painting* charm'd the
Sight,
In Party-colour'd Robes of various Light :
Cowley and *VValler* here were wreath'd
with Bays,
The Ravish'd Saints held their alternate Lays,
Cowley sung *David's* Fame, and *VValler*
George's Praise.

Next follow'd *Truth*, her Cloathing rich,
tho' plain,
Solemn yet pleasing, Artful yet serene ;
A Band of Champions round the Matron
clos'd,
Who, by defending her, themselves expos'd
Here *Wickliff* like a Comet on a Cloud,
The Emblem of the Age he liv'd in, stood
Calvin, *Melancthon*, *Luther*, did appear,
Like Stars that rose to tell *Rome's* Fall was near
Or like that Light that led wise Kings the way
Toth' humble Place, where Great *Messiah* lay
O'er their grave Heads protecting Angels glide
And *Guardian Cherubs* range on ev'ry Side ;
All join'd their Transports, for all *Heav'n* di
ring, (tain's King
When *Royal George* was Crown'd Great Br
This *Golden Age* made *Heav'n* and *Earth* t
sing, Te

Ten thousand *Vertues* next by Couples
 came
 In Fiery Chariots, and in Robes of Flame,
 Too Glorious to describe, too Num'rous to
 name,
 Each had a modest Air, a lovely Mien,
 But all these Beauties may on Earth be seen,
 They meet and shine in our Illustrious King.

Next Venerable *Tillotson* approach'd,
 The Saints in Throngs his sacred Mantle
 touch'd ;
Learning, and *Eloquence*, and *Rhet'rick* strow'd
 Their choicest Flow'rs in his embellish'd Road,
Wisdom and *Piety* the Patriarch led,
 and *Moderation* crown'd his peaceful Head ;
 awful as Shade, yet like a Comet bright,
 Where e'er he past, he shed a Stream of Light ;
 yet was so pleas'd with our *Great George's*
 Reign ;
 As 'twas from *William* he his Title gain'd
 He leaves his Seat to see the Glorious Scene.

Next came a Troop of *Martyr'd Inno-*
cents,
 might blush'd to see their fairer Ornaments.
 In

The GOLDEN AGE.

In Iv'ry Chariots flam'd with Gold they rode
Gay as the *Milky Path* on which they trod
These all had heard, King *George's* pious
Reign

Had rais'd on Earth the *Golden Age* again,
And therefore went to see that *Glorious Man*

Here *Gaunt*, as if she burnt once more,
bright,

Not in *Terrestrial Fire*, but *Heav'nly Light*
Lisle does no more the Barbarous *Hatch*
dread,

But Lambent Glory glides about her Head;
What diverse Fates their *Charity* has found
Below 'twas punish'd; and above 'tis Crown'd
Like *Sisters* they lov'd, and now went both
to see,

The *Golden Age* that shin'd *Great George*

Essex was wafted on the Wings of Fame,
Himself no longer bloody, nor his Name:
T'excuse his Murth'ers, he's of Murthe
blam'd,

But Saints his Fall and Innocence proclaim'd
Tho' none but *One* by Suffering merits Bliss,
Sure Heav'n was due to Injuries like his;
The *Golden Age* was written on his Phiz.

The GOLDEN AGE.

He view'd Our King with such transporting
Voice, (with Joys.
Had he been still on Earth, he'd dy'd again

Cornish approach'd dismember'd, but in
vain ! (gain.

God and his Faith have made him whole a-
bove, while they triumph'd in his Blood be-
low, (Show :

Turn'd his fierce Eyes from the affronting
his Innocence at his Demand was known,
On Trumpets of resounding *Thunder* blown.

Heaven back to Earth hot Exhalations hurl'd,
To break all Converse with th' abandon'd
World ;

Like the *Centurion*, then his Foes began
to own too late he was a Righteous Man ;
to own had *Withers* hang'd, when *Gaunt*
and *Cornish* died,

the *Golden Age* would then in Triumph ride.
Howe'er it be, *Cornish* thro' *Heaven* went,
to view Brave *George* that guards the Inno-
cent.

Next *Sidney* in his inlaid Chariot rowl'd,
Sidney the Good, the Noble, and the Bold ;

Sidney,

The GOLDEN AGE.

Sidney, whose Christian Exit did deride
The *Romans* Courage, and the *Stoicks* Pride
Sidney, who, if no *Bloudy Furies* e'er had
been,

Had made a *Golden Age* of *Charles's* Reign
He therefore long'd to see King *George*
Crown,

By whom that *Heav'n* to the World is show'd
:

Ruffel in Pomp rid o'er the *Diamond Road*
And all around him having Splendor glow'd
His Chariot-Wheels appear'd like Fiery Globes
And Comets weav'd their Hair to make his
Robes.

God-like he liv'd, so like a God he died;
Not much more Glorious, now he's glorified
In costly Gems from Heaven's best Wardrobe
drest;

At length the Saint *Increase of Light* confess'd
Astrea, in the Skies to which she fled,
Wept, when on Earth the pious *Ruffel* blest
She wept such Tears as his own Confes-
sion shed:

Alike they mourn'd, and as they both
sign'd,

To see such Sights no more, they wept
both were Blind.

The GOLDEN AGE.

79

Then what a *Golden Age* had he secur'd,
Had the * *Exclusion-Bill* but been endur'd
By *High-Church* Prelates that by † *York* were
lur'd ;

For we with Tears of Bloud remember still
And well we may as 'twas the Church's Knell)
When *Passive Bishops* flung out *Russell's* Bill.
No wonder then this *Hero* strives to see
That *Legal Crown* that's fix'd, *Great George*,
on thee.
For to secure a Royal Protestant Line,
He died a *Martyr*, and will ever shine.

Next march'd in Armour that out-blaz'd
the Sun, (Bon,
The Chiefs that fell at *Blenheim*, *Liege*, and
Mordaunt, *Forbs*, and *VVentworth*
led them on.
For these Great Men having all desir'd to see
The *Golden Age* reviv'd in *Brittany*,

* This Bill of Exclusion was first brought into the
House of Commons by William, Lord Russell, for which
he lost his Life.

† Brother to Charles II. and succeeded him in the
British Throne, 'till he had establish'd Popery in Great
Britain.

The GOLDEN AGE.

Thought such a Blessing we cou'd ne'er obtain
Till George was King of *England, France*
and *Spain*.

Next Troops of Good and Warlike Prin
ces go

From *Constantine* the Great to Great *Nassau*
Each Monarch was attended by a Train
Of all the first-rank'd Worthies of his Reign
For tho' in Heav'n the *Golden Age* does shine
Yet *George's Coronation* was so fine,

That Monarchs in Bliss were proud to gaze
him. (Crown

The Skies amaz'd admir'd their sparklin
And thought at first they saw so many *Suns*

Now Acclamations thro' the Poles resound
Whilst *Warrington* does on a Courser bound
A Troop of *Daz'ling-Angels* rid before,
Some his * *Fam'd Work*, some his Plum'd H
met bore :

* Which I had the Honour to Print in the Year
1689, with this Title, The Works of the Right Ho
nourable Henry, Lord Delamere, with his Advice
his Son.

There's *Revolution* written on his Brow,
To shew Heav'n lik'd the *Coronation-
Show*.

Which *VVarrington* did so desire to Grace,
He drest his Soul with *Heaven's* brightest Rays,
To stand and view King *George's* Royal Face.
Cherubs aloft look'd down to see him march,
And twisting form'd themselves into an Arch.
Grays his Brows with Blossoms did adorn,
And cloath'd him with the Dawning of the
Morn.

(Sight,
his Peer's transcendent Lustre struck their
Saints could not see him for Excess of Light.
or as the *Revolution* he did join,

this Great Lustre proves that Act Divine.
e's made of Charms, the Choir of *Heav'n*
ne'er sung

ch Harmony, as dwells upon his Tongue.
s *Famous Tryal* will be ever Rare,
Whilst there's a Loyal Peer, or Rogue to
swear.

his Noble Peer, and his yet living Son,
e Crown'd with Glory which themselves
have won;

e first by fixing that Crown on *William's*
Head,

ich he, Immortal Prince, so well deserv'd.

The GOLDEN AGE.

The last by thinking Nought on Earth to
 dear,

To fix and guard the Rights of *Hanover*.

Ten't Gold but Honour makes a *Hero* shine

The *Golden Age* can never be Divine,

But when like * *Speke* we love our Count
 much above our Coin.

That's act Lord *Warrington* in all we do,

Be Loyal, Honest, Brave, and Grateful to

The *Whiggish* Cause is most divinely bright

Did we not starve its Friends that do us Right

But shou'd the *Golden Age* be lost again,

We still shou'd find it in Lord *Warrington*

Who loves us, (tho' in *Heaven*) and let

us in his Son.

Nassau (while Light'ning sweeps his Starry
 Way)

Comes Blazing in the Chariot of the Day

Twelve flaming Steeds all led by Angels pray

And trembling Beams on their Gold T

pings danc'd :

* That this is the true Character of Mr. Hugh S
 is evident to any Impartial Person that reads his
 Essay, intituled, *Arcana Anni Mirabilis*, or the
 History of the Revolution, Dedicated to his Ma

The GOLDEN AGE.

83

The *Sun* himself in his best Liv'ry drove,
And 'twas the Opinion of the Bless'd above :
He rul'd that Day more steady than before,
Taught how to Govern by the Prince he bore :
His Golden Wheels on Silver Axles turn'd,
His Chrystal Coach in Di'mond Sparkles
burn'd :

On the cut *Gems* reflected Lustre plaid,
And Light in all its Colours was array'd :
Michael attends him with *Heaven's Body*
Guard,

The same with whom the Beaten Angels warr'd,
Jove at the Triumph wou'd himself appear,
But that he had decreed none shou'd be there,
Of greater *Glory* than the Triumpher.

Oh how it pleas'd King *William* now to see !

(And other Saints rejoyc'd as much as he)

The *British* Crown set on *Great George's*
Head.

By *Tenison*, that Aged Mitred Lord ;

He cry'd aloud ! Oh where, Oh where is

Loyal *Gynn*, *

Sure he's plac'd first i'th' *Coronation-Train*.

* That *Illustrious Patriot*, Sir Rowland Gynn
who first advis'd King William to settle the British
Crown upon the *Illustrious House of Hanover*, is here
meant.

A

The GOLDEN AGE.

As his *Advice* (which *Britain* ne'er mislaid
First set the Crown on Royal *George's* Head,
He next embrac'd the Noble *VVarrington*,
(Who still does live in his *Illustrious Son*)
As 'twas his pow'rful Name and Interest,
And Eloquence (as all the World confest)
That made the *Revolution* shine so bright,
As conquer'd Popish *James* without a Fight.
This *Hero's* Conduct did *Great Britain* save,
And all shou'd get a Glorious Life or Grave,
As Royal *George* does still reward the Brave.
Ev'n *Heav'n* it self does greater Crowns be-
stow

On *Martyr'd Saints* than such as were not so.
Then *VVarrington's* Brave Heirs will always
shine,

Whilst there's a *Booth* to propagate his Line.

Now, now all Heaven's Spectators shout
aloud ;

The eager *Angels* o'er each other crowd,
All their keen Eyes are to one Object bent ;
The loaded Skies with Peals of Praise are
rent :

The *Bless'd* in Heaven glided down in Crowds,
To view King *George* from the adjacent
Clouds.

Sure

The GOLDEN AGE.

85

Sure Saints themselves have some Regard to
Men,

For all their Knees were bent for *Britain* then,
(And *Golden Age* was ev'ry where the Theme)
Now *Heavenly Bards* the best of Monarchs
sing,

For Royal *George* is this Day crowned King,
Here Crowds of tuneful Laureats touch'd their
Lyres,

And *Rapture* hover'd on the trembling Wires.
Comets were lighted, Saints *Laudamus* sung,
And Glitt'ring *Heaven* with Hallelujahs rung.
Thus Angels and Saints did dress in Robes of
Light,

and gaz'd to grace the *Coronation-Sight*.
Which proves King *George's* Title is Divine.
That he's a right that's *Revolution* King)
For as the *Bless'd* approve his Royal Station,
That's the *Celestial Coronation*.

Oh who would then my ravish'd Soul a-
wake,

of the Bliss these Saints enjoy partake.
Each *Image* my transported *Fancy* frames,
I am in *Heaven*, or *Heaven* is in my
Dreams.

The

The GOLDEN AGE.

The *Joyful Coronation* being past,
And Heav'n and Earth with *George* extreamly
pleas'd,

Oh! what a General *Golden Age* is this!

On Earth the *Whiggs* did ev'ry where re-
joyce, (Voice

In Healths, in Bon-fires, and Harmonious
Until the High-Church *Mobbers* did destroy
Their Persons, Bon-fires, and their Leaping
Joy.

Vex'd at this Sight the *Mobbing* Rebel swears
(By *Perkins* Leave) both Bells and Rope
are theirs.

And let 'em take 'em, for our Tongues sha-
ll sing

Your *Honour* louder than their Clappers ring

In *Heaven* their Joy was otherwise express'd
(For there's no Healing found amongst the
Blest.) (solemn Pa

The King being Crown'd, they mov'd wi-
To sing *Te Deum* at the Throne of Grace
Immense *I Am*, fills the unbounded Place.
Apostles, Martyrs, Saints, all melting lay
On Golden Thrones of Everlasting Day,
Cherubs like Atoms in the Glory Play.

Melodio

THE GOLDEN AGE.

87

Melodious Joy slides from Seraphick Flutes,
And soothing Softness from agreeing Lutes.
Their Transports with Eternity revolve,
And they in endless Extasy dissolve:
They Pray, they Praise, they Worship, and they Sing
Harmonious Ecchoes round the *Convex* Ring,
Because *Illustrious GEORGE* was crowned King.
Jehovah smiles amidst his Attributes,
We sue for *Britain* and he grants our Suits,
Golden Age! if Mobbers were not Brutes.

Thus Heaven and Earth did grace that sacred Stage
Where *GEORGE* was crown'd to fix *The Golden Age*.
That *Passive Devils* then must *Mobbers* be?
That High-Church *Bungeys* (a), in all Infamy,
That durst affront such dazling Majesty?
Or those, Great Sir, that do thy Friends debase,
The *Loyal Whigs*, that dance and sing thy Praise)
Wou'd, if they durst, insult thee to thy Face.

Then wou'd *Apollo* but my Breast inspire
With one bright Ray of his immortal Fire,
Singing the *CORONATION* in such Strains,
The Shepherds and the Nymphs shou'd quit the Plains,
Attend their *Monarch*; all the Sylvan Gods,
Haste forsake the Grotto's and the Woods:
Let *Maro's* Muse, tho grac'd with *Cesar's* Smiles,
His that sung the noble *Grecian's* Toils,
Wou'd with more Brilliant graceful Numbers shine,
Their Subject was not *half* so high as mine:
He is of *GEORGE* the Glorious and the Great,
Whose Acts with Wonder *Eccho* does repeat,
Whose charming Name is sung in ev'ry Shade,
And o'er the Plains by the proud Winds convey'd:
That all with envious Admiration view
That *Golden Age* we all possess in you.

(a) *Sacheverells*.

O

No

THE GOLDEN AGE.

No other Theme but *GEORGE's* House and Name,
Engage the Muse, or stretch the Voice of Fame.
Beneath your Royal Feet, with doleful Eyes,
Ev'n *France* shall lie, till you shall bid her rise:
And that this *Golden Age* may long encrease,
Heaven grant that *Phyſick* may remove with Ease,
Each ſawcy Pain that dares on you to ſeize,
Redreſs all Nature's Faults, ſooth every Grief,
And multiply your coming Years of Life!
Whilst *Marlbro's* Arms and *Argyle's* Sword maintain,
(What *Cadogan*, *Stanhope*, and Brave *Cobham* gain)
Our Rights againſt the Power of *France* and *Spain*.
Sure Victory their Efforts ſhall ſtill purſue,
For thoſe muſt conquer ſtill who fight for you,
The Golden Age, Great Prince, will never dye,
In Glorious *GEORGE*, nor in his Progeny.

For that Heaven and Earth were greatly pleaſed with
your Maſteſty's Coronation, is acknowledged by all the
loyal Subjects of *Great-Britain*, and is eaſily proved by an
hundred Inſtances, but by none more remarkably than by
thoſe two, The viſible Smiles of Heaven (I mean that ſhining
Day on which the Crown was juſtly ſet on your Maſteſty's
Royal Head) and by that Hellish Rage that the High
Church Mobbers vented on the loyal Whigs at the Coro-
nation of King *George*, of which my *Hue and Cry* after the
Rioters, will give a Thouſand Paſſive (alias *Rebellions*) In-
ſtances; for the late Jacobite Mobs and Riots in *Briſtol*,
Reading, *Birmingham*, *Dorcheſter*, *Taunton*, *White-Chappel*,
and other Places, was not only to quaiſh thoſe tranſporting
Joys that the Whigs expreſs'd upon the Glorious Day of
your Maſteſty's Coronation; but if poſſible, to baniſh the
Golden Age ſo far from your Maſteſty's Reign, that the Pre-
ſenter might make one Attempt more to introduce Popery
and Slavery in *Great-Britain*. But tho' it is impoſſible that
Sacheverelite or *Mob Plot* ſhould ever ſucceed,
—As the *Briſtol Addreſſers*—have aſſur'd your Maſteſty
that they reſolve to puniſh theſe Riotous *Aſſemblies* (or High
Church Mobbers) that have diſturb'd the Peace of the King-
dom for the four laſt Years.

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As the Nottingham Addressers — have declared, that your Majesty's Reign has freed the Kingdom — From those Intrigues and Stratagems that a Jacobite Ministry had so artfully contriv'd to effect our Ruin — From a Popish Impostor — From the Dishonour *Great-Britain* lay under for deserting its faithful Allies, and making a Separate Peace — From all future Bribing of Members of Parliament — From the Injustice done to our best Patriots, (and in particular, to that Victorious General the Duke of *Marlborough*) — And from making the false Cry of the Church being in Danger, a Stalking Horse to Treason and Villany.

As all the true (or moderate) Churchmen — were against passing the *Schism Bill*, as 'twas enacted for no other end but to persecute tender Consciences, and for that reason (till repeal'd) will bring heavy Judgments upon the whole Nation, as is seen by the sudden Death of our Cattle ever since the *Whig* Faction perswaded our pious Queen to sign that cursed Bill.

As all the Dissenters of Great Britain and Ireland — are in their Principles for Monarchy, and against Republican principles — As they declare in all their Addresses, and is fully proved by the great hand they had in the Restoration of *Charles II.* and in settling the *British* Crown on your Majesty's Head — As they constantly pray, both in publick and private, for the Prosperity of your Majesty's Royal Person and Family — As they religiously observe your Majesty's Directions to our Archbishops and Bishops, of abstaining in their Pulpits from bitter Invectives and scurrilous Language against all Persons whatsoever — As they refused (with Contempt) all the Overtures made to 'em by the Earl of *Oxford* and Earl of *Peterborough*, of thanking the Queen for a Separate Peace — As they knew this glorious Peace (as the High Church Addressers call'd it) was no better than a Jacobite Plot to weaken the Protestant Interest, in order to defeat the *Hanover Succession*, and restore the Pretender — As all their Addresses exemplify the Golden Age in your Majesty's Royal Vertues, and declare they will ever defend your just Title to the *British* Crown with their Lives and Fortunes.

But

THE GOLDEN AGE.

But tho all these *Addresses* and *Reasons* are sufficient to prove that the *Golden Age* is reviv'd, and does now flourish in *Great-Britain*, maugre all the Pretender and his *Sacheverelite* Tools can do to prevent it, yet it must be own'd there's scarce a *Bishop*, *Lord*, *Knight*, or moderate *Churchman* in all your Majesty's Realms that have distinguish'd themselves by their eminent Zeal for the *Protestant Succession*, but have suffered either in their Persons or good Names, by the High Church Fanaticks (*alias* Mobbers). Which Riots and Mobbing's are wholly owing to the false Cry of the *Church's Danger*, and to those bitter Invectives by which the *Sacheverelite* or *Jacobite* Clergy have so often profan'd the Pulpit, where their scurrilous Language is often utter'd in so notorious a manner, that your Majesty (*for the preserving of Unity in the Church, and the Peace and Quiet of the State*) have thought it necessary to give *Directions* to our *Archbishops* and *Bishops*, 'That none of the Clergy in their Sermons or Lectures, presume to intermeddle in any Affairs of State or Government, or the Constitution of the Realm;' seeing (as your Majesty has observed in your Royal *Directions*) 'That unusual Liberties have been taken by several of the Clergy in intermeddling with the Affairs of State and Government, and the Constitution of the Realm; which may be of very dangerous Consequence, if not timely prevented.'

But in the whole *Hanoverian Martyrology*, (or History) such as have ventured their Lives and Fortunes in the Service of King *George*) there was none that either did or suffered more for the *Illustrious House of Hanover*, than that *Brave Heroine*, Mrs. *MAN* of *Charing-Cross*; for She has been often insulted both in her Person and Friends by the High Church Mobbers, for daring, even whilst a *Jacobite* Ministry governed the Nation, to burn the *Devil*, *Pope*, and *Pretender* at her own Door; and for other distinguishing Acts of Loyalty to your Majesty's Royal Person and Family. I might enlarge upon those *shining Qualities* that adorn the Virtuous Life, Great Sufferings, and Loyal Character of Mrs. *MAN*, but designing the (almost) Martyrdom of this celebrated *She-Whig* shall introduce *My First Vision of England's History*.

The GOLDEN AGE.

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ness, I shall content my self at present with this Short Character of her.

*There's ev'ry Charm and ev'ry Grace,
Dwells in Loyal JENNY's Face :
So much Sweetness, so much Love,
So much Innocence and Dove ;
So much Courage, so much Sense,
So much Zeal (without Pretence)
I never saw i' th' Sex before,
Her G RACES Monarchs might adore ;
She is a Golden Age, and more.*

3

Thus have I briefly exemplify'd *The Golden Age*——
In your Majesty's Royal Birth——*In your Spotless Character*
——*In the Prince and Princess of Wales*——*In your peaceable Accession to the Throne*——*In your regular and sober Court*
——*In your victorious Generals*——*In the Defeat of that Mob-Plot that was concerted at Bar-le-Duc.*——*In your Majesty's Blessed Coronation*——*And in that Whig-Loyalty that has ever had the Popish Pretender, and French Tyranny in the greatest Abhorrence.*

It now remains, that I view the *Golden Age*, in that Illustrious Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness and Valour, that have adorn'd your Glorious Life and Reign, ever since your Majesty was Crown'd King, for my Exemplification of the *Golden Age* in your Royal Person and Family, has as yet extended but to the Blessed and Glorious Day of your Coronation.

The Perfection of a Prince may be comprehended with- in these Five Qualities, *Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, and Valour.* *Piety* fits him for God, *Wisdom* for himself, *Justice* for the Law, *Valour* for Arms, and *Goodness* for the whole World, and all these are eminently seen in your *Sacred Majesty*, and shew, that as the *Golden Age* was reviv'd by the Birth of your Royal Person, so that has been exemplify'd ever since by your Royal Example.

When

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When Fate some mighty Genius has design'd,
 For the Relief and Wonder of Mankind;
 Nature takes time to Answer the Intent,
 And Climbs by slow Degrees the steep Ascent:
 She toils and labours with the growing Weight,
 And watches carefully the Steps of Fate,
 'Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,
 To set the *Heroe* in a happy Light;
 Then in a lucky and propitious Hour,
 Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.

In *Brunswick's* Race she made this long Essay,
 Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,
 And promis'd in their DAWN this brighter Day;
 A *Publick Spirit* distinguish'd all the Line,
 Successive Vertues in each Branch did Shine,
 'Till this last Glory rose and crown'd the great Design.

The King thus Good! The King does all inflame,
 The King ——— and carries Millions in the Name;
 For 'tis a Golden Age where such a King is brought,
 That's just in Deeds, and chaste in very Thought.
 A Golden Age indeed! For 'tis King George's Reign,
 Where ——— *Regis ad exemplum* ——— ever will obtain.
 To draw King George at Length it must be writ,
 He Shines in Piety, Justice, and in Wit.
 And yet he is not Drawn! Not the Dead Colours laid
 And the most Glorious Scenes stand undisplay'd.
 A Thousand Generous Actions close the Rear,
 A Thousand Virtues still behind stand crowding to appear.

Here pause my Muse! and wind up higher,
 The Strings of thy Pindarick Lyer!
 Then with bold Strains the lofty Song pursue,
 And bid Britannia once again Review.

The Numerous Worthies of Great George's Line,
 See like Immortals how they Shine!
 Each Deed a History alone!
 And last to Crown the Great Design,

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Look forward, and behold 'em all in one!

Look, but spare thy needless Tears,

'Tis thy Glorious Prince that next appears.

Advance Celestial Form! Let Britain see,

Th' Accomplish'd Glory of thy Race in thee!

For 'tis the Golden Age of Royal Piety.

This, great Sir, leads me to describe some of those *Sparkling Jewels* that adorn that Imperial Crown that was lately set on your Royal Head by that Illustrious Prelate the present Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

And the first Jewel we fix our Eyes upon is the Jewel *Innocence*, so clear that Chrystal wou'd be a Spot in it. The Virtue is this, it darkens other Eyes, but can it self receive no Blemish; it is no Colour, but a Lustre.

The next Jewel is *Fortitude*, a Round Stone, the Virtue lies within; where if we look we shall see, to your thinking, the Beauty of a Glorious Creature Crown'd, and Arm'd *Cap-a-pe* with many stout Commanders; the Banners bearing this Motto in them, *Vive le Roy*, a Stone of most unvalued Price, and worth our seeing.

The Third Jewel is *Patience*, a Stone that can cure the Disease of a whole Nation, if it be not abus'd by too much Handling.

The Fourth Jewel is *Peace*, a Jewel not for every Eye to look on, for it hath made some Blind; in it self Glorious, and of much Virtue.

The Fifth Jewel is *Moderation*, a Stone very scarce, but is found in the Diadem, and most *English* Coronets. He that can truly View it, shall find it work upon the Soul; it is the only thing in the Earth to cure a Man corrupted with idle Jealousies.

The Sixth Jewel is term'd *Royal Anger*, a Stone that shews a clear Flame, yet appears burning and dangerous. It is not to be touch'd, but discern'd at a Distance. As we stand and look on it, it looks Flaming; when we Kneel, the Fire seems to vanish.

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The next Jewel to this, is the Jewel *Justice*; a Stone Fore-square: We can stand no way but it seems to be in our Eye, and appears Square, which way soever we turn it. It is a Stone so full of Glory, many are afraid to look on it; yet they that have good Eyes, may view it freely. Let any Traytor look upon it, his Eyes will presently be Blood-shot: Therefore 'tis call'd by some, *A Tooth-stone for a Traytor*. I would not have Lord *Harley* or *Bullingbroke* look on it, for Fear of spoiling their Eyes.

The Eighth Jewel is called *Mercy*, a Stone of a most delicious Colour, and pleaseth every Eye: It preserveth good Eyes, and cureth sore ones, if they be not too dangerous. It contenteth a good Nature, but many Times makes a bad one worse.

The Ninth and last Jewel is *Piety*. I describe this last, as in shews of State, the greatest always goes behind. Your Majesty, as you were always, when in your most private State, an Example of Goodness and Piety, since crown'd you have Declar'd; and as we see, have made Religion to be the Principal Jewel of your Crown, your Majesty publicly profess on your Accession to the Throne, the concerns of God, and the Happiness of all your Subjects, to be your sole Interest, and *Jan. 20th*, (which your Majesty has appointed to be kept as a Publick Thanksgiving for the Great Blessings that have attended your peaceable Reign) will be an illustrious Instance of it.

To thee, Great Prince! To thy extensive Mind,
Not by thy Country's narrow Bounds confin'd,

The Fates an ample Scene afford;
And injur'd Nations claim the Succour of thy Sword.

No Respite to thy Toils is giv'n,
Till thou ascend thy Native Heaven.

One *Hydra-Head* cut off, still more abound,
And Twins sprout up to fill the Wound;

So endless is the Task that Heroes find
To Tame the Monster Vice, and to Reform Mankind,
For thus the *Golden Age* employs your Royal Mind.

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If the *Golden Age* is thus exemplify'd in your Majesty's Illustrious Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, Valour, and in those Nine Sparkling Jewels that adorn your Imperial Crown (as well as in your Majesty's Spotless Character, from your Royal Birth to the Blessed Day of your Coronation) 'tis no Wonder that such a Glorious Prince should have the love of all his Subjects (or all except Knaves and Mobbers) for such is the Condition (and as it were the Destiny) of good Princes; They have a Heart and Soul in every one of their Subjects; their Blood and Veins Disperse themselves throughout all the Parts of their Dominions, and their least Wounds are follow'd by publick Symptoms and Popular Maladies.

And as the Misfortunes and Afflictions of a good Prince are felt, and condol'd by all his Loyal Subjects, so his Happiness and Glory is as universally the Subject of their Joy. Oh, how greatly did your Majesty's Whig Subjects every where Rejoyce upon the Glorious Day of your Coronation, and they had been very ungrateful if they had not; for the *Golden Age* is so remarkably reviv'd by you, that from that Moment the Crown was set on your Royal Head we began to Live, and we owe more to you for our Lives than to our Parents, more to you for our Fortunes, than to the Industry, and pious transmission of our Ancestors. You are the individual Soul and Genius of this great Nation, solely appropriated by Nature to animate, and inform its predisposed Organs, and it is no Wonder there has been so long a suspension of your Animating Faculties, and a kind of Political Trance in these three Kingdoms, since the chiefest Vessels of Life and Motion in this your Body have been obstructed by many crude and depraved Humours, whilst the nobler and more vital Parts, having lost great Quantities of Blood (or Reputation, which is much dearer than Blood or Life to an Honest Man) suffer'd under a Loyal Lethargy, and were almost extinguish'd. But when an over-ruling Providence, according to its just and even Measures, had chose a Season fittest to remove the fatal Symptoms of this expiring Body, and had swept, and cleansed this defiled House for

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your Reception, that the *Golden Age* might revive amongst us, your Majesty was crown'd King of Great Britain by a Tripple Title, your Birth, your Merits, and the Desires of your People. Then let the World forget the Records of Antiquity, and read no Lectures, but on your Actions; let Men be convinc'd of their Cruelty and Barbarism, that see your Humanity and Compassion, of their Rapines and Oppression, that look upon your Justice and Impartial Distribution, of their dispirited and groveling Souls, that have seen, and heard of your Active and Passive Fortitude, and your Magnanimity in the dubious Decisions of Fortune.

To your *Fortitude*, your Majesty has added *Clemency*, which is so eminently conspicuous and admirable in all your Actions, and so congenial to your Heroick Soul that it seems to be your Darling Vertue, your Clemency (Illustrious Prince) has not only reviv'd a *Golden Age* where nothing was expected but Arbitrary Power, Popery and Slavey, but has made you a common Father to all your People.

Never Prince, at once, converted and absolv'd so many Sinners piec'd together, so many inconsistent Factions, so many dissonant Religions: You are the first that ever found out the preternatural Art of Uniting Contraries, of making Fire and Water joyn without the Destruction of one Species or of turning an *Iron* into a *Golden Age*. The Harmony of your Government is made more sweet and musical by the friendly Discord of several Parties, and you handle dexterously the charming Instrument of Peace, that like *Orpheus's*, Wild-Beasts and Men do equally follow you. You have tam'd the bellowing *Sacheverlite*, and the bleating *Papist*, the Scrupulous *Presbyterian*, and the Precious *Independent*. You have united Pulpits and Tubs, Surplices and Cloaks, limber Preciseness and starched Formality. I hope nothing I have said of the Pious Work of Uniting the several Denominations of Protestants in one National Church will be constru'd, as if I were a Dissenter myself. For as I had the Honour to be the Son of an Eminent Clergyman, (*viz.* Mr. John Dunton, late Rector of Ashton-Clinton

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Bucks) so I resolve to Live and Dye in the Communion of the Church of *England*, but I don't find that any Man pretends to Infallibility, except the POPE and therefore I shall ever Love a Religious Man, by what Name or Title soever he is dignify'd or distinguish'd: For it has been my Observation for Thirty Years, that very pious and learned Men do often contend about Words when they heartily think the same Thing, and therefore 'tis the saying of a Great Divine, 'I judge of all Mens Religion by their Charity; and I can affirm from my own Experience, that I have always found the most Pious Men to be those that are most charitable to their dissenting Brethren, of which I might give an Instance in my Reverend Father, for tho' he was wonderfully fitted out by Nature and Grace, for all the great Ends of a Ministerial and useful Life; Yet his Moderation to Dissenters, and his Charity to the Poor, will, I doubt not, make the Two brightest Jewels in his Crown of Glory, and therefore a Bill of Comprehension, or the Uniting all sincere Protestants in one National Church, shall be one of my Visions of *England's* future Happiness, as were Prejudice and Interest once laid aside, this blessed Work might be soon effected, for it seems to me that the Reconciling Antipathies, Reforming the Pulpit, and Self-Conquest, is a *Golden Age* that Heaven it self has reserv'd to make your Majesty's *Reign more Glorious than all the Rest of your Predecessors.*

These Battles by Vertue, thou hast won,
For still thy Standard is the Publick Good,
Lavish of thine, to save thy People's Blood:
And when the hardy Task of War is done.
With what a vast Well-temper'd Mind,
(A Mind unknown to Conqu'ring *Philip's* Son)
Thy pow'rful Armies are resign'd?
This Vict'ry o'er thy self is more
Than all thy Conquests gain'd before.
'Twas more than *Philip's* Son could do.
When for New Worlds the Madman cry'd,
Nor in his own Wild Breast had spy'd,
Tow'rs of Ambition, Hills of boundless Pride.
Too great for Armies to subdue.

Thus

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Thus by Self-Conquest your Majesty has not only made a *Golden Age* in your own Breast, but by your Royal Example of Piety, Moderation and Courage you have reconciled Things of the greatest Antipathies, our Hearts to those that Dissent from us, our Ears to Drums and Trumpets, our Hands to Charity, and our Purfes to Mony, then it must needs be a *Golden Age* with the Subjects of Great Britain, when your Majesty wears the Crown, for no other End but to make a miserable People Rich and Happy, and this will soon be acknowledg'd by even Traytors and Rebels, I mean the *Sacheverelite* Faction, (or *Perkenite* Mobbers) for your Majesty's Kindness to your Friends is not more Eminent than your Mercy to your Enemies, nor are your Favours to your Servants (as was said of a Cardinal's) like those of Eunuchs to Women, that they never grow great by them, but such as fully satisfy the most arrogant and complaining Merits, and make them Pregnant in Affection and Loyalty, and productive of good Services to your Majesty's Honour; but since that Benefits to ungrateful Men, or undeserving, are like great Sums of Money thrown away to Unthrifts, you give your larger Talents to your better Stewards, making your Moderation obvious to Posterity, in having rais'd up none to the Peerage but such as are true Patriots and sincere Protestants, judging rightly, that a numerous Nobility is like the fixed Stars, whose multitude makes them severally less considerable, but few and choise ones are like the Planets, every one of which has some proper Excellency, and remarkable Motion.

But amongst the well-chosen Objects of your Royal Favour, all that love the Memory of King *William* or their Native Country, ought to acknowledge, no Man can deserve that Honour so much as that Illustrious Patriot Sir *Rowland Gynn*, as we owe to him, more than our selves, that is, your Majesty, and this Bankrupt Nation, must ever be indebted to him, since it has nothing to give him of equal Value with that inestimable Present. Some Princes have made use of their Ministers to be Skreens of Envy from their People; yours are the Re-

ceivers

receivers and Tasters of their Affection, since there can be nothing commanded by your Majesty, which your Subjects Wishes do not prevent; nothing wish'd by your Subjects, which your Majesty's Commands do not confirm. Nor does the Favour they obtain from the People, by thus humouring them with your pleasing Injunctions, impair at all, or lessen the Peoples Endearments to your Majesty, since their Love is as overflowing and inexhaustible as the Sources of it, your Royal Vertues; and 'tis almost a Paradox to think we are no more in love with Vertue, since we are so much with you.

However it must be acknowledg'd it is the Fate of Vertues, as of Friends, *sometimes to be at odds with one another*; and tho their Cause and End of Action be the same, yet in their mediate Operations, they do not seldom seem incompatible. But since that *Vulgar Impossibilities* are but *Heroes easy Recreations*, we may observe, that as your Majesty has the blessed Art of reconciling Factions, and self-opposing Vice in others, you have another no less Glorious, to join all differing and unacquainted Vertues in your self; for there appears to be a sort of *Golden Age* in the heavenly Frame of your Mind: I mean, a Constellation of Endowments rarely sociable: *Acuteness of Wit, and Solidity of Judgment; Gravity of Aspect, and Pleasantness of Humour; an unrestrained Power, and a most tender Civility; an early Apprehension, and a mature Prudence.* You have a fervent Kindness for your Friends, and no flexible Hatred to your Enemies: You are a passionate lover of Right, and as calm a forgiver of Wrong. You enjoy the Nakedness of Truth by Contemplation, and cloath it in the most ingenious ornaments of Discourse. You have a Soul richly furnished with Heroick Passions, and an incredible Temper in their Government and Order. You have many Pleasures that are your Favourites, but none that mislead your Vertue, that is their Sovereign. In fine, your Judgment never errs, but when it is seduc'd by the powerful Imposture of your self-injurious Clemency; and your goodness so disciplines and tutors your Greatness, that we never taste of the sharper Streams of Justice, till they have run thro the Royal Correctives of Tendernefs and Humanity.

Yet

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Yet after all this Display of *The Golden Age* in your Majesty's Royal Virtues and Glorious Reign, give me leave to tell you, you have left a *general Discontent* in the Hearts of all your Subjects; I mean a disquieting and tormenting Desire to attempt a thing they can never accomplish, *A perfect Copy of your Vertues*: For Men must propose you as a Pattern for their Wishes, not their Hopes; and 'tis a loyal Vertue to imitate those Perfections, which 'tis a rebellious Presumption to think to parallel. What need then those superfluous Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy? wherefore should they so solicitously bind our pre-engaged Affections? Those are but feeble Props to tottering Monarchs; but to your Majesty, who is so immovably fix'd in the very Centre of our Hearts, the *Lawgiver* and the *Law it self*, the *Precept* and the *Pattern* of these three Kingdoms, what needs there any greater Security than those previous Oaths and voluntary Resolutions that every one has made within himself, to make your Service the most ambitious Aim of all his Actions; since the *same Rule* that makes you our Superior, commands us at once to obey your Person, and imitate your Vertues, and the Divinity it self has included in one Duty, both his own Veneration and your Obedience?

Auspicious Prince, whose *Clemency* gives us Innocence, whose *Moderation* Tranquillity, whose *Prudence* Instruction, and whose *Virtue* Example; whom to see, and not admire, is to be insensible; whom to admire, and not to reverence, is to be rebellious; whom to reverence, and not adore, is to be profane; and whom to honour, obey and venerate, is the most unalienable Concernment and complicated Duty of our Religion, our Allegiance, and our Humane Nature.

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And thus 'tis most apparent, that your Majesty and your Illustrious House have not only reviv'd the *Golden Age* in *Great-Britain* by your royal and matchless Vertues, but that you were all born to be *uncommon Blessings* to Mankind.

From Heav'n it self your Illustrious Line began,
Ten Ages in Descent it ran :
In each Descent increas'd with Honours new :
Never did Heav'ns Supreme inspire
In mortal Breasts a nobler Fire ;
Nor his own Image livelier drew.
Of pure Ætherial Flame your Souls he made,
And as beneath his forming Hands they grew,
He bless'd the MASTER WORK, and said,
Go forth, my Honour'd Champions, go
To vindicate my Cause below !
Awful in Power, defend for me,
Religion, Justice, Liberty,
And at aspiring Tyranny,
My delegated Thunder throw !
For this the Glorious Name of *Hanover* I raise,
And still this Character Divine,
Distinguish'd thro' the Race shall shine,
Zeal for their Subject's Good, and Thirst of vertuous Praise.

And therefore if through the Author's want of Genius, this first Essay upon *The Golden Age* should be thought too inconsiderable to deserve your Majesty's Royal Smiles, yet I am sure it will have some Distinction from the Great Names it celebrates, and the Glorious Patron 'tis inscrib'd to. 'Tis therefore with all Humility prostrated at your Royal Feet, as thinking a *Golden Age* cannot take Shelter under any less than Sovereign Patronage : However to your Majesty this Essay is most humbly address'd, as 'tis your Illustrious Name alone that can, in being stamp't thereon (like your Effigies on Coin) make it pass current in the Opinion of the World, who can never think the Author too lavish in the Praise of Royal Vertues, when they reflect on
your

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your Majesty as the Great Example of Primitive Piety, and consider that your Glorious Life and Reign has out-done the most daring Hyperboles; and not only justify'd but surpass'd in Life and Merit whatever can be said in the behalf of that *Golden Age* that your Majesty and your Royal Son have reviv'd by your Pious Example.

I should next shew what Glorious Times there will be in *England*, when your Majesty's Grand-Children, and (as 'tis hop'd) your Great, Great, Great Grand-Children, &c. continue the Royal Succession in your Illustrious House: But as many of these Princely Heroes are not yet in Being, they'll be more properly the Subject of a Distinct Vision of *England's Future Happiness*, than of this present Essay.

In the mean Time to cheer the Hearts of all Loyal Subjects, that they may not grow sad in a *Golden Age*, King *George's* Health shall often go round in the following Song; and with that I'll conclude my Character of your Majesty's Royal Person and Family.

A Loyal Health to King GEORGE, and the rest of the Royal Family.

WOULD you know how to meet
O'er jolly full Bowls;
As we mingle our Liquor,
So we mingle our Souls.

'Tis King *George* is the Health,
His long Life the Song;
Of *George* our new Monarch,
Sing all the Day long.

To Great *George* and his Son,
And Grandson we toast;
What a Race of Brave Princes
Have we Britons to boast?

Having

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Having shewn how the *Golden Age* is exemplified in Your Majesties Glorious Life and Reign, and Numerous Issue, as these *Blessed Reigns* can only be supported, adorned, and continued to the *World's End* by a truly Loyal and Faithful Ministry (as your Majesties Illustrious Wisdom, Justice, and Fatherly Love to your People is eminently seen in the Choice of such wise and Noble Patriots as these) I will conclude this introductory Essay to my Monthly Visions of *England's Happiness* with a Panegyrick upon the New Ministry ; for that *Muse*, who sings not the Loyalty of such Noble Pilots, who now sit at the Helm of publick Affairs, must needs be senseless : When Foreign Nations see all our *Discord* reduc'd into *Harmony* by our Endeavours to follow our *Royal Pattern*, who (except a Traitor or *Jacobite*) will not expect we should write a *Panegyrick upon the skilful and kind Composer* ; and sure I am, the greater our Obligation is to those **GLORIOUS PATRIOTS**, that now steer the *Golden Age* under Your Majesties Royal Care and Direction, the greater will be the *Ingratitude* of not acknowledging it. There is

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none

none of us all, I hope, (I can scarce except
that *Jacobite-Tool*, Dr. *Sacheverell*) whose
Lives and *Fortunes* are by the Loyal Good-
ness of the *New Ministry* the better secured
to us, that will grudge the poor *Tribute* of
a Song for such a Blessing; and therefore
(with your Majesties Leave) I shall now ad-
dress my self to the *New Ministry* in the
following Poem.

A PANEGYRICK *upon the* NEW MINISTRY.

The vast Extent of *Empire* is too large
For Kings alone the Business to discharge;
Happy our Monarch's Choice! when all mu-
now,
None are more fit than you to aid the
Throne.

Happy the Land! when Ministers are made
Who neither Kings nor Subjects Rights in-
vade.

Great were our *Cares*, unhappy seem'd our
State,
We sat deploring our impending Fate;

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had were our Fears, wrapp'd in dark Clouds
we lay,

Till you appear'd, and drove those Clouds
away ;

long had we plow'd the Main, long sown the
Field

With Seeds of Lawrel, which small Fruit
wou'd yield,

Till our *Great George*, like *Phæbus* chearful
Rays,

come clear in you, and promis'd *Halcyon*
Days ;

ffly we now expect a plenteous Crop ;

ur *Hearts dilated with reviving Hope.*

et the industrious Malice of our Foes

and us with Names, by which themselves
they expose ;

count us (while they give themselves the
Lye)

riends to *Sedition*, Foes to *Monarchy* ;

each up false Notions, 'till their Lungs they
tear,

roofs of Allegiance everlasting are.

em enjoy their *Tyrant*, and their Slave,

hile we the better Stile of KING and
SUBJECT have.

The GOLDEN AGE.

Let their *distinguish'd Loyalty* be shown,
By teaching *Monarchs how to lose a Crown*;
While you, by better Rules of Reason led,
Instruct our *Prince* to fix it on his Head;
While you the Nation and the World convince,
To Ease the People is to serve the Prince.

Having finish'd the *Introductory Essay* to my Visions of the future Happiness of *Great Britain* under truly Protestant Kings and Queens to the World's End (and therein shew'd how Your sacred Majesty, his Royal Highness *George*, Prince of *Wales*, the Princess, and their Issue, and the *New Ministry*, are the only Illustrious Persons that could *revive the Golden Age* in such a *factious, lewd, and divided Nation as England* was, 'till your Majesty was proclaim'd King. I here conceive it a reasonable *Piece of Justice both to my self and Creditors*, (As I have been long a Sufferer both in my Good Name and Estate for detecting the Treason of the *Late Ministry*) that I here conclude my first Essay upon the *Golden Age*, with informing Your Majesty, that notwithstanding that *sincere Loyalty* I have express'd in

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to your Royal Person and Family, yet that I have been forc'd to abscond for a great while, and suffer'd much Detriment in my *Worldly Affairs*, by the several Warrants Viscount *Bolingbroke* issued out to seize my Person, Books, and Manuscripts, tho' for no other Reason but my daring to detect the *Treasonable, Lewd, and scandalous Practices of the Earl of Oxford, Lord Gamball, * and that Arch-Jacobite Dr. Sacheverel*, which Discoveries I offer'd to make good before *her Majesty*, or the Lord *Bolingbroke*, (then Principal Secretary of State) provided I might have the Royal Protection for my self, and Witnesses ; but the Lord *Harly* and *Bolingbroke* (who then govern'd our pious Queen by their *False Alarm of the Church's Danger*) were so entirely in the Pretender's Interest, that I never received the least Favour from Queen *Anne* for all those many and hazardous Services I endeavoured to do the Crown, but instead of that by falsely reporting I was *stark-mad*, (which they also affirm'd of Mr. *Bisset*, Mr. *Hoadly*,

* Viscount Bolingbroke.

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Mr. *Steel*, and all that expos'd their *Jacobite* Plots) and issuing out several Warrants to seize me, they did all they cou'd to murder *my Good Name and Person* at the same time. This, *Great Sir*, was a Deed so barbarous, that *Truth* it self blushes as well as *Justice* to hear it mention'd, but was so generally and publickly acknowledg'd to be matter of Fact, that a *very Great Man*, now at Court, was pleas'd to do me that distinguishing Honour, as to say in the Presence of several Lords, *That he thought John Dunton the Patriot of Great Britain, for daring to make such early Discoveries (in his NECK OR NOTHING) of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's Design to restore the Pretender, and further added, that he did not doubt whenever Your Majesty came to the Crown (by whom all Good Men expected the Revival of a Golden Age) but that the great Hardships I underwent for making these bold and seasonable Discoveries wou'd be Nobly Rewarded* : But alas ! The *Golden Age* was no sooner reviv'd, but those great Hazards I run of my Life and Fortune, in detecting the Treason of the *Late Ministry*, were all forgot in those *unusual Transports*, that were so just-

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ly shewn upon Your Majesties *Happy and Peaceable Accession to the British Throne*; and in that *Remarkable Zeal* that has since appear'd in some *Men of Quality* for the promoting their own particular Interest without any (or but little) Regard to Men in a *Lower Station*, tho' when they wanted their Services (*when the Church was in real Danger from the Jacobite Faction*) they cou'd call 'em, *The Patriots of Great Britain*, and thought the Services of the *Little People* of as great Weight, and more hazardous than any they durst attempt under more *Splendid Titles*.

But these *seasonable and extraordinary Services* being now forgot (or at least neglected) by such Courtiers, who formerly promis'd to see 'em requited, it fairly proves, that the least *Present Interest*, with ungrateful Men, *cancels all former Obligations*, it seeming to many, that even *Benefits suffer Prescription by the Length of Time*, and being once grown old, do no longer bind to *gratitude*,

I don't design any particular Reflection here upon any Noble Duke, Lord, or Knight; for that obliging Favour I lately receiv'd from those

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those TWO GLORIOUS PATRIOTS, the Noble *Argile*, and the Generous *Cadogan*, shall live in my *Tongue and Heart*, as long as my Name is DUNTON but only to inform your Majesty, what a Poor, Little, Narrow, Ungrateful Soul there is found in some Men of the *Highest Quality*, and *Greatest Estates*: And therefore as the Great *Alexander* was won't to say, *He wou'd never bestow a Favour upon any Subject but when he was inclin'd to give as a Monarch*; so, 'tis well, if our *English Peers* wou'd act the *Mæcenæ** (I mean the *Noble men* they are call'd) or wou'd (at least) be as grateful to such *Whig-Authors*, who lately ventur'd their Lives and Fortunes to save their Country, as the *Late Ministry* were to those *Tools* of the *Jacobite Party*, *Sacheverell*, *Swift*, *De Foe*, and such other *Tory-Writers*, that were hir'd to ruin it.

I hope (*Dread Sovereign*) 'twill excuse my Presumption in writing upon this Head

* *Mæcenæ* was a Nobleman of *Rome*, who your'd *Virgil*, *Horace*, and other Learned Men.

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as 'tis for no other End but to excite our *Nobles* and *Gentry* to imitate that *Grateful* and *Generous Spirit* that is found in Your *Royal Breast* (of which your advancing some of those *Illustrious Patriots*, that distinguish'd themselves by their Eminent Zeal and Loyalty to the *Hanover-Succession*, is a *shining Instance*) 'tis true *Charles II.* upon his *Restoration* deserted his best Friends (I mean those *Dissenting Ministers*, that perswaded him to accept the Crown, and by their *Loyalty* and Zealous Prayers set it upon his Royal Head) and caress'd those that had been his Enemies, saying, *his Friends would be still his Friends* ; but as this was an Instance of the highest Ingratitude, so he soon found it to be a *wrong Notion in Politicks* ; but Your Majesty, who certainly is the Best and Wisest Prince upon Earth, have reviv'd the *Golden Age* in *England* in Nothing more remarkably, than by the many Glorious Instances You have already given of Your *Royal Gratitude* to such *Illustrious Patriots*, that (like the Noble *Warrington*, and his *Immortal Father*, whose Great and Matchless Services to King *William* will never dye) have sufficiently convinc'd the World of the

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Piety and Justice of *Revolution-Principles* by their steady Loyalty to Your Majesties Person and Government, that it seems to me, that all the *Generosity and Gratitude* of Great Britain *has taken up its Lodging in Your Royal Heart, and that Gallant Men but copy from it*, neither can it properly be called a *Golden Age* (as the chief Thing valuable in Greatness is the Power it gives to oblige) but when the Gold of it is as little ador'd by the *Subjects*, as 'tis by the *Prince*.

But (as if Generosity and Gratitude were only a *Royal Vertue*, or too Noble for the Practice of any Subject) I must say as to the *Little People* of my Acquaintance, I never serv'd any one of 'em beyond a possibility of Requital (as I have done several, but more especially, *A certain Reverend High-Flyer*, whose FORTUNES and that of his Children have been chiefly rais'd by my Purse and Interest) but they have whisper'd some Falshood to recommend themselves, or quarrell'd with me, that they might unmake the Favours I had done them with the Greater Applause : Such a Friend (or rather *Monster*) as this is like a Snake in one's Bosom, who

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who doth but ill repay his Hostess for his Lodging.

Lycurgus, the *Lacedemonian* Lawgiver, wou'd make no Law against *Ungrateful Persons*, because it cou'd not be imagin'd that any wou'd be so unworthy, as not to recompence one Kindness with another: And the *Old Romans* decreed, that such as were found guilty of this Fault shou'd be cast alive to the *Cormorant* to be pull'd in pieces, and devour'd; Had my Ungrateful Friends (I mean such as always found me a ready and constant Support when all others forsook 'em) liv'd in *Lycurgus*, or the *Romans Golden Age of Gratitude*, in what a severe manner wou'd they have been punish'd: For their Ingratitude towards me is so greatly aggravated (beyond whatever was known in the World before) that I am justly provok'd to publish a *Black History of Ingratitude and Scandal* (not by *Hearsay*, but from their own *Original Letters* and *Living Witnesses*) but seeing the forgiving of Personal Injuries is not only the Glory of Christian, but the Noblest Sort of Revenge (upon second Thoughts) I rather chuse to forgive all the Ingratitude and Wrongs I have receiv'd in my whole Life, than to re-

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venge one, and I have Reason to think this forgiving Temper is a better Proof of the *Light of God's Countenance*, than the Rays of the Natural Sun can possibly be to a preaching Hipocrite, that lifts up his Eyes to Heaven for a Blessing upon his Pride, Malice, and vile Ingratitude ; I therefore give publick Notice from this Minute, that I am in sincere Charity with all the World ; that tho' I hate the Sin, yet I love the Persons of all Mankind ; and to convince Dr. S-----, (for whose Ingratitude I now blush, as he has neither the Honour or Grace to blush for himself) that this *Golden Age of Forgiveness* is truly reviv'd in my own Breast, I here declare, that this Pardon to all my Enemies is not only Free and General, but is given with a fix'd Resolution never to mention their *Ingratitude* more.

Thus e'er I join blest Kindred Souls above,
In Praise, and breath their Element of Love,
I sign this Instrument, for yet I live,
And all Mankind, and ev'n UNGRATEFUL

S--- forgive :

This

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This Pardon reaches (being all in Haste)
Both what's to come, the present and the past.

*How easy are my Spirits now ! Lord en-
crease this Temper because it bears thy I-
mage.*

*Methinks I now breath another Sort of
Air than before ; 'tis unruffled with Storms
and Passions, where Prejudices once laid
their Trains, and then put Fire to them. I
can now leave the VVorld with much great-
er Ease, and reflect upon this State with In-
ward and valuable Peace, having in this
sence quitted Scores with all Mankind, I
feel the Raptures begin to rise, that flow
from a Mind which is conscious to it self,
that it forgives without Reluctancy, which
do so heartily, freely, and universally, that
you'd I now see my ungrateful Friends (if I
may call *Monsters* such) a little Penitent, I
you'd run to meet 'em with open Arms, as
knowing for any Man to dye in Malice (or
unreconcil'd, which is the same Thing) is
certainly a Damning Sin. It can never be
truly a *Golden Age* in a *Lay-man's* Con-
science, (or that *Priest* either a sincere Chri-
stian,*

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ftian, or fit to administer the Holy Communion) that dares live in Malice to an offending Brother that asks Forgiveness; and much less is it safe to dye in a spightful Frame; for an unforgiving Disposition is self a Bar to Forgiveness with God: *If I forgive not Men their Trespases, neither will Your Heavenly Father forgive You:* a Christian shou'd not go upon his Knees with an unforgiving Temper, much less shou'd he dare to enter upon the unseen World, and the awful Presence of his Judge in that Condition; and therefore the last Words of a true Penitent usually are, *I forgive all the VWorld*; or if any Thing could excuse Revenge, 'tis to see a *Proud, Ungrateful Priest* (that has had the Impudence to refuse being reconcil'd to his best Friend and to affront him with *Base Silence*) preaching up *Christian Love* and *Forgiveness*, and practicing neither himself. *

Sir, 'tis plain by these vile Instances of Ingratitude in the *Little People*, that if ever

* As I have prov'd at large in my late Essay Intituled, The Impeachment. p. 21.

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that *Golden Age* of Gratitude is restor'd again, that made the primitive Christians a mutual Blessing to one another, and a Pattern of True Friendship ; it can only be by exemplifying the Royal Vertues of King George : For however Devilish the Sin of gratitude may be in *Little, Proud, Contemned Upstarts*, to be sure that Subject that Disloyal (*i. e.* Ungrateful) to a Gracious Prince (I mean one who is no *Party-King*, but like Your Majesty is a *Nursing and common Father to all his Subjects*) is a Scandal to that *Golden Age* that Your Majesty is reviv'd by a Pious Life and a Generous attitude ; to which, I shall presume to say, I have the better Title, as I had no Regards in View, when I ventur'd to publish these Discoveries (in my *NECK OR NOTHING*) that open'd the Eyes of my dearest Country-men, and convinc'd 'em they were just on the Brink of Ruine, tho' Dr. Swift * says, *The Whiggs have given a generous Countenance and Encouragement*

In His Book Intituled, The Publick Spirit of Whiggs, p. 4.

both

both to my Person and Production ; And others affirm, I have had as many hundred Guineas sent me for detecting the Pretender's Plots as Dr. Sacheverell has had to promote 'em ; but whatever that Tool the Jacobite-Party might have for endeavouring to ruine his Country, I do most humbly assure Your Majesty, all the Reward I have yet had for attempting to save it is the great Satisfaction I find in my own Breast for daring to accuse those two reigning Favourites (Oxford and Bolingbroke) that have already out-witted Two Houses of Parliament, and will (if not timely Impeached) grow too sharp for the Axe ; but tho' I have gone farther than any Man (or even the Senate has yet done) in detecting the Treason and Villany of Oxford and Bolingbroke in order to bring 'em to Publick Justice yet (to use Dr. Swift's Expression) All the Generous Countenance and Encouragement that I have yet had for thus venturing Neck Nothing is General Thanks, * Poverty &c

* These are the Words of the Ingenious Oldham who liv'd and dy'd, and almost starv'd in a Garret

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Praise ; but tho' no Body has yet remem-
bered the Poor Man that wou'd save the
City, * yet as all the Discoveries I have
made have been to discharge my Duty
to my King and Country, I shall ever
think such true and undesigning Loyalty is
in it self a Blessing, and therefore shou'd I
meet with no Reward here (as I can scarce
think it if my great Hazards and Sufferings
to serve the Publick be fairly represented to
Your Majesty) I shall expect the more in a
better World, and in the mean time shall
have that Satisfaction my Enemies do want,
viz. That of having discharg'd my Duty
towards my Fellow-Subjects, and Fellow-
Protestants, which had been doubly mise-
rable, (had not your Majesty by reviving the
Golden Age in Great Britain secur'd our
Present and Future Happiness) after such fair
Warning as has been given 'em in my Court-
py ---- Neck or Nothing ---- Whig-Loyal-
py ---- Impeachment ---- but more especially in
my late Essay, intituled, *Queen Robin, or the
second Part of Neck or Nothing*, which is
humily inscrib'd to his Royal Highness

* Eccles. 9. 14.

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George, Prince of *Wales*, and contains a true *Narrative of all my Discoveries and Sufferings, during the Four Years Secret Reign of the White Staff.*

These *Five Essays* (Great Sir) were all written to shew my sincere Loyalty to Your Majesties sacred Person and Illustrious House and as they detect the Treasonable Words and Practices of the *late Ministry*, they were all publish'd with the utmost Hazard of my *Life and Fortune* (as is universally own'd by all Your Majesties Loyal Subjects) yet shall not be much surpris'd, if the Author of them is never *thought of more*, for past Services (like eaten Bread) are soon forgotten and in this I but share the Fortune of much greater Men, and much greater Services.

If therefore my Venture of *Neck or Nothing* prove *Neck for Nothing*, I shan't dare to entertain the least *disrespectful Thought of Your Majesty, or think Your Illustrious House* (so greatly fam'd for rewarding such as have distinguish'd themselves by their Zeal to serve it) can justly be tax'd with the least Ingratitude ; for Your Majesty can't be suppos'd to know either Men or Things, but as they are represented to you, and all mu

appe

appear to Your Majesty according to the Vehicle they pass through, not their own intrinsic Worth, or Value ; for I humbly conceive, *'tis not how well Men have deserv'd, but how well they are represented, and by whom.* Many of the Greatest Vertues must be their own Reward, and therefore I don't wonder to see many Bells hung upon one Horse, whilst others as deserving have none ; this has been an ancient Evil often complain'd of, but never remedied, nor I fear never will, except by our Gracious Sovereign, King George, who as he has reviv'd the *Golden Age* of Gratitude by his Royal Example, the black Sin of ingratitude will scarce ever get Footing again in *England* ; but if Disappointments shou'd come, it shall neither shock my Vertue nor Loyalty ; for 'tis often the Fate of Illustrious Patriots of the greatest Quality, as well as those of lesser Deserts ; God has his Designs in store, and if we pray, *His Will may be done*, we must resolve heartily to submit to it ; for my own Share I thank God, I can truly say, *I have long renounc'd this World, and its vain Pomps* : I neither covet nor desire Wealth or Grandeur.

I.

My self no longer I'll deprive
Of those *Kind Minutes* Heav'n does give,
No Man makes Haste enough to live.

II.

Let them beg *Riches* who desire
Above their Birthright to aspire,
To raise their Names and Fortunes higher.

III.

That are content to cringe and bow,
To flatter, bribe, and wait, but so
Poor *Neck or Nothing* ne'er cou'd do.

IV.

I ask *FREE-NATURE's* solid Goods,
Open Fields, and secret Woods,
Healthful Hills, and crystal Floods.

V.

A small but *SPRUCELY* furnisht House,
A Garden for Delight and Use,
A learned Friend, and gentle Muse.

VI.

Nights full of Sleep, Days void of Strife,
And to compleat this *HEAVENLY LIEE*,
A Pious, Witty, Tender Wife.

VII.

Thus, oh! thus let me obscurely lie!
Thus let my *well-spent Hours* slide by!
Thus let me live! thus, let me die!

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5.
12.

For if, after all my Hazards to serve my
my Country, I've only ventur'd *Neck for*
Nothing, yet if it please God to give me
moderate Food and Raiment in a Country-
Cell, I shall be as thankful and contented as
others can be with their Abundance : Con-
tentment makes a *Golden Age* in every Breast,
and in every place ; 'tis all the scraping Mi-
ser aims at with his Hoards, and is what the
poor Hermit enjoys in Solitude ; 'tis the
Heaven of the other World and this ; and
therefore if I may be so happy as to enjoy a
Healthy Body, a contented Mind, and quiet
Conscience, and be made (before I dye) so
easy in my Circumstances, as to owe no Man
any Thing but Love, I am then at the Height
of my Wishes and Ambition ; for I esteem
my self a Pilgrim travelling apace to a better
World ; and I think for all such to be lay-
ing new Foundations of Life, when they are
half way thro' it is perfect Madness, or (at
least) it wou'd be so in me, who by Reason
of many Distempers have always my Grave
in View, and I bless God, I am willing to
go hence, whenever the Almighty pleases to
call me, trusting in his Mercy, thro' the
Merits of my Saviour ; and, tho' I cannot
say

say with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, *I have fought a Good Fight*, yet (as I repent of every known Sin, and fly the least Appearance of Evil) *I hope to finish my Course with Joy, and to receive a Crown of Righteousness from the Merciful Judge of all Flesh*, and in the mean Time *I bless my GOD*, it has been my Happiness to be a Subject of King *George*, in whose Glorious Life and Reign I have liv'd to see the *Golden Age exemplified*, and I don't fear but my Posterity will see the same continued by his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales* and his Offspring for many Ages ; and if the Foundation (under God) of *England's* Happiness (I mean King *George* and his Numerous Issue) be thus Good and Illustrious, how Glorious will a Vision of it be to the World's End ? But as this will be the Subject of my *Second Essay*, I shall conclude these Sheets with this *Hearty Prayer* :

“ That Your Majesties Days may be many and happy. Your Reign ever Peaceful
 “ and Glorious. Your Royal Posterity Wise
 “ and Numerous. That Your Feet may be
 “ always upon the Neck of Your Enemies
 “ That

that they may be ever Blessed, which Bless
You, and Cursed which Curse You. That
Oxford and *Bolingbroke*, and all the Trai-
tors to Queen *Anne*, may have Justice done
'em by the Common Hangman for cheat-
ing the Nation by a *Separate, Treacherous*
and *Scandalous Peace*. That Your Ma-
jesty may be ever blest with such a Loyal
and Faithful Ministry as now adorns the
Throne. That all the Members of the next
Parliament may be truly *Hanoverian* (i. e.
all Men of Honest, Loyal and Revolution
Principle.) That all such that preach up the
Church's Danger for no other End but to
restore the *Pretender, Popery and Slavery*,
(as *Sacheverell, Higgins, Welton*, and other
Jacobites did) may be for ever banish'd
Your Majesties Presence and Favour. That
the *Golden Age*, as reviv'd by Your Ma-
jesty, may unite Protestants of all Denomi-
nations in one National Church. That the
Protestant Succession may be continu'd in
the Illustrious House of *Hanover*, 'till
Time shall be no more. And let all Your
People say, *A M E N*.

The GOLDEN AGE.

I have done, Sir, (having said all that
think necessary to prove, that *A Golden
Age can be only reviv'd by a Royal Ex-
ample*) and have no more to say but this;

GOD *save* the KING.

FINIS.



There is just Publish'd the Third
Edition of

QUEEN ROBIN, or the *Second Part of No-
or Nothing*; detecting the secret Reign of
Four last Years. In a Familiar Dialogue betw
Mr. Trueman (alias Mr. Dunton) and his Fri
meeting accidentally at the proclaiming King Geo
The whole Discoveries humbly inscrib'd to his Ro
Highness, George, Prince of Wales, and contain
True Secret History of the White Staff, in Ans
to that False One, lately publish'd by the Ea
O—ford. Sold by S. Popping in Pater-Noster-Ro
and most Booksellers both in City and Country. Price